

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## CONTENTS.

I. THE TWO AMPERES, . . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . . . .	771
II. BEE OR BEATRIX. Conclusion, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	786
III. MATTHEW PRIOR, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	794
IV. THE DILEMMA. Part XXII., . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	805
V. SOME TRAITS OF COMPOSERS, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	810
VI. CAROLINE HERSCHEL, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	816
VII. A WINTER MORNING'S RIDE, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	820
VIII. SAMUEL PEPYS AND HIS POOR RELATIONS, . . . . .	<i>Academy,</i> . . . . .	823

\* \* \* Title and Index to Volume CXXVIII.

## POETRY.

MEMORIES, . . . . .	770	THE SHADOW, . . . . .	770
MY SONG, . . . . .	770		
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			824

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## MEMORIES.

WHEN the gray twilight softly spreads  
Her robe o'er earth and sky;  
When the far mountains' shaggy heads  
Are lost to human eye;

When the tired bird at eve hath-sought  
Sleep in the tuneless bower;  
When the last bee wings homeward, fraught  
With forage from the flower;

When the dark pinewood dimly shews  
Its deepening tints of green;  
When in the west with crimson glows  
The sunset's closing scene —

I watch the glimmering shadows kiss  
The threshold of the night,  
And o'er my heart a soothing bliss  
Falls in the waning light;

And grosser thoughts that sternly cling  
To life's dull sober day,  
Leave me, as swallows on the wing  
Flit from our sight away.

And soft as ripple on the lake,  
Within my bosom rise  
Half-whispered yearnings, that awake  
A thousand memories —

Sweet memories, that only come  
To woo my waking dreams,  
When twilight shrouds the woodlands dumb,  
And slumbers on the streams —

Of faces that I loved of yore,  
And songs the loved ones sang,  
And children's voices — heard no more —  
That through the greenwood rang.

O spirit treasures, ye are mine,  
And to my heart belong,  
Yet linger not till I repine,  
Or sing a sadder song;

But leave me while I still have power  
To catch the sunny glow  
Wafted from memory's blissful bower —  
The shrine of long ago.

Chambers' Journal.

## MY SONG.

You ask a song,  
Such as of yore, an autumn's eventide,  
Some blest boy-poet caroll'd, — and then died.  
Nay, / have sung too long.

Say, shall I fling  
A sigh to beauty at her window-pane?  
I sang there once, might I not once again? —  
Or tell me whom to sing.

The peer of peers?  
Lord of the wealth that gives his time em-  
ploy —  
Time to possess, but hardly to enjoy —  
He cannot need my tears.

The man of *mind*,  
Or priest, who darkens what is clear as day?  
I cannot sing them, yet I will not say  
Such guides are wholly blind.

The orator?  
He quiet lies where yon fresh hillock heaves;  
'Twere well to sprinkle there those laurel-  
leaves  
He won, — but never wore.

Or shall I twine  
A cypress? Wreath of glory and of gloom, —  
To march a gallant soldier to his doom,  
Needs fuller voice than mine.

No lay have I,  
No murmured measure meet for your delight,  
No song of love and death, to make you quite  
Forget that we must die.

Something is wrong, —  
The world is over-wise; or, more's the pity,  
These days are far too busy for a ditty,  
Yet take it, — take my song.  
FREDERICK LOCKER.

## THE SHADOW.

"Come like shadows, so depart."  
"Macbeth," Act IV.

ACROSS the inner sunlight of a soul  
A shadow fell,  
Whose ever-deepening gloom shut out the day,  
And seemed to swell  
Until the blackness of that midnight hour  
What tongue could tell?

Faith's sun had set, — Hope's star forgot to  
shine,  
But Love drew nigh,  
Like some ill dream the mists of darkness  
fade  
Before her eye,  
And sun and star with clearer lustre grace  
The morning sky.  
Golden Hour. ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE TWO AMPERES.\*

A SAYING is current among Roman Catholics that there is no purgatory for France; the French being either too good for the need, or too bad for the efficacy, of the purifying fires. Plenty of contrasting examples in point will immediately start up from history to confirm this proverb, and, if we judge our neighbours correctly, the readiness with which they will endorse it may be taken as a further proof of its truth. But, in sober earnest, there is nothing more difficult than for one nation fairly to judge of another. What lies on the surface will ever be only superficially judged; the deeper strata are seldom laid bare to investigation or comprehension. As a rule it may be admitted that the distinguishing merits of the French and English races — like the distinguishing beauties of the sister arts — lie in their very differences; and hence are the less amenable to mutual sympathy and intelligence. We puzzle our French brethren in one way; they us in another. We chill them by the undemonstrativeness of our social habits; they, in some measure, shock us by the laxity of theirs. Our home strictness is, or has been, our national pride; their warmth of friendship their national charm. Accordingly, by a natural inversion, all true pictures of French inner life, by the strength and fidelity of the friendships they record, are singularly calculated to touch and even reprove us. And in no instance have these feelings been more winningly and pathetically exhibited, and at so small an expense of our more rigid notions, than in the biographies of the distinguished father and son now before us.

André-Marie Ampère and Jean-Jacques, his son — both of them still fresh in the memory of many yet living — were men who may be said to have divided between them a large area of nature's richest gifts.

\* 1. *Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère*. Publiés par Mme. H. C. Paris: 1872.

2. *André-Marie Ampère et Jean-Jacques Ampère*. Correspondance et Souvenirs (de 1805 à 1864). Recueillis par Mme. H. C. Paris: 1875.

3. *Madame Récamier; with a Sketch of the History of Society in France*. By Mme. M—. London: 1862.

The highest qualities — those of the heart — they held in common; in intellectual endowment each more than supplied what the other lacked; along most paths of mental supremacy they walked proudly and lovingly hand in hand; in those where they parted company each had the culture and sympathy to appreciate the aim of the other. In temperament they were much alike — sensitive, ardent, and devoted; with the tenderness of women, the guilelessness of children, the *naïveté* of genius. From earliest years both had the same insatiable cravings for light and truth; the father, the great physiologist and mathematician, elaborating the most subtle laws of nature and the abstrusest problems in mathematics; the son, with the poetic faculty highly developed, dealing with the problems of ancient languages, history, and literature, and, in works of imagination, with the phenomena of the human heart. Each was equally irresistible and inexhaustible in charm of conversation; each equally generous, impulsive, and blundering in matters of business; and each loved the other, if not with the deeper warmth, yet with far greater effusion than our repressive habits between fathers and sons ever exhibit. These volumes under every view are a well of the deepest interest. The first of the three, which appeared in 1872, consisting like the rest in letters and journals, gave the earlier years of the father's history; comprising his gifted and darkened boyhood, the idyllic period of his love and marriage, and that bereavement which at twenty-nine years of age left him writhing under the stroke of widowhood. This earlier volume may not be sufficiently fresh in the memory of the reader for us to dispense with a slight outline of its contents.

André-Marie Ampère, the only son of respectable citizen parents, was born at Lyons in 1775. The south of France, and notably the city of Lyons, has sent forth a large percentage of the most eminent Frenchmen of later times, and the young boy, by his thirst for knowledge, soon gave evidence of his birthright in this respect. Mathematics and geometry took the lead in the keen and almost uni-

versal appetite of the infantine mind. He thought, reasoned, and calculated while other children were at play. For such a mind there was small question of instruction from others, nor could any power have arrested the instinct by which he instructed himself. He simply devoured every scientific book on which he could lay his little hands — the "*Encyclopédie*" from beginning to end; and when recovering from failure of strength, easy to have predicted, and tenderly denied the materials for undue application, he managed to work his problems with no other appliance than little bits of biscuit. The father, a man of no ordinary type, unable to check, did his best to guide. Finding that his son cared less for classic than for scientific studies, he suffered him to follow his own bent. And when the boy, then eleven years old, raised a cry of passionate despair on finding that the works of Euler were in a language to which he had not the key, the father interpreted them for him.

But if André-Marie Ampère ranks on the same level with the great thinkers and explorers of natural phenomena who preceded and were contemporary with him, he differed from them in one important respect. Such men as Newton, La Place, Cuvier, Davy, retained in the ordinary affairs of life the common sense of commoner men. They knew the material value of the travail of their brains, were becomingly jealous of its offspring, and naturally ambitious of its prizes. But Ampère had none of those lower qualities which direct and protect the higher gifts. Every pursuit with him was in turn an object of headlong ardour, before which, till he had followed it to the utmost limits of the human capacity, all other things had to give way. What some men's lower passions are to them, Ampère's brain was to him — he knew not how to restrain its impetuous desires. But when the mental chase had fairly run down and captured what he coveted, he had no idea of hoarding the prize. Any one might rifle the contents of the precious "bag." In French phraseology he was "*un puits ouvert*." His nature, accordingly, while one of the noblest and most unselfish ever

created, was at the same time one of the unwise and least self-asserting. Unguarded by the usual egotisms; unamenable to the usual cautions; incapable alike of husbanding for worldly use the most arduously earned discoveries, experience, or money; and true to himself in all these respects from childhood to grey hairs, André-Marie was an object of perpetual wonder, admiration, and respectful compassion to all competent to understand him. In these facts, doubtless, may be found the cause, otherwise inexplicable, why the fame of such a mind has not spread more widely in proportion to its depth.

Upon this sensitive and unprotected nature there fell in his early youth a blow so crucial in intensity as to overthrow its balance. M. Barthélemy de St. Hilaire has given to the world the posthumous writings of the great physicist, edited by his son, under the title of "*Les deux Ampère*." But it is to Madame Henriette Cheuvreux — one of those devoted friends whom Frenchmen are so fortunate as to attach — to whom we are indebted for a short notice of the grandfather, who properly heads the touching group of "*Les trois Ampère*."

The life of that good man fell upon the evil times of the great Revolution. In the year 1793 he filled the post of *juge de paix* in Lyons, and during the excesses which distracted that city, stood courageously forth on the side of order. When the revolutionary bands entered the city after the siege, he became one of the first victims to their revenge. Some of his letters addressed to his wife from his prison, signed "*Jean-Jacques Ampère, époux, père, ami, et citoyen fidèle*," have been preserved. A passage about his son shows his paternal foresight: "*Quant à mon fils, il n'y a rien que je n'attende de lui*." A few hours after this was penned he mounted the scaffold. This judicial murder of the father well-nigh killed the son, then only just eighteen. A dormant state of the brain ensued, which probably saved his life. For fully a year he existed in a semi-idiotic condition, spending his time out of doors, listlessly scraping together little heaps of earth. The first thing that roused him effectually was that which not

unseldom has been the recreation of the profoundest minds — namely, the study of botany. Rousseau's letters had fallen into his hands, and he threw himself into the pursuit with the ardour and exactness which in all things characterized him. Next came a fit of classic enthusiasm, inspired by the Latin poets. The language was soon mastered, and the heart-stricken lad wandered about the country, with his hands full of wild flowers, murmuring verses from Horace. The passion for the classics now kindled the poetic spark in himself. Between 1795 and '97 he threw out an exuberance of poetical creation — tragedies, songs, madrigals, an epic on Columbus; all showing, as might have been expected, more facility and fertility than sense of art. He also mastered Greek and modern languages, studied physiology, chemistry, philosophy — thus laying those foundations on which twenty years later he based a new classification of the whole cycle of sciences. At the same time, while teaching himself he earned his own and his mother's bread by teaching others.

We now approach the sweet May-time of his chequered life. His mother lived in the country, at Polémieux, near Lyons, and at the end of his laborious week he would spend the Sunday with her. There, in the vicinity, he fell in with a family of the now better-known name of Carron; the youngest of whom was a daughter, Julie by name. This young girl, calm, modest, and beautiful, with simple good sense and not a spark of romance, was predestined to attract and to suit a young man of Ampère's stamp. She had already committed havoc in that way with certain Lyonese *savants*, but no one had yet prevailed with her to leave her family. The coast was therefore clear, and André-Marie entered the lists with his usual impetuosity and awkwardness. From this time he kept a journal — far too foolish and pretty to be literally quoted in these pages, — on the fly-leaf of which the word "*amorum*," superfluously plural, was inscribed. This tells how he first saw Julie; how she lent him a book; how he found her in the garden and tried to speak, but was sternly "*rembourné*" (*Anglicè*, "shut-

up"). The chief incidents, indeed, are the frequent shuttings-up inflicted on a shy young lover, sighing like furnace, who never knows when to take leave, and sometimes has to be told twice. But in due time the reward of patience falls to his share. In short, it becomes necessary to consider the state of life in which André-Marie could hope to maintain a wife. Julie and her family had not the remotest conception of the order of mind with which they were dealing, their only idea of appropriately utilizing a great mathematical genius being that he should engage in the business of an *agent de change*. It is true the lessons he gave, or was ready to give, in chemistry, mathematics, Latin, Italian, what not? — were not so remunerative as *le commerce*, while Julie's health, after the birth of her child, began to require more than those devices could supply. On this account Ampère accepted the professorship of physics at Bourg, twelve leagues from Lyons, even though it involved the separation of the tenderly attached young couple; for Julie's health forbade her accompanying him. This separation gave rise to a correspondence more sane than the journal, and equally pretty. At once a reflex of tender hopes and fears, of petty economical details, and lofty intellectual aspirations, both husband and wife are seen in it as in a mirror. Ampère ever blundering, confessing, musing, divining — always working; Julie gently chiding, reminding, guiding, and managing. He using part of the linen she had carefully mended, for stoppers for his chemical instruments; unsewing the lining of his coat for unhearded purposes; or destroying his blue stockings and new *pantalons* with what Julie calls "*ce maudit acide qui brûle tout*." She ever anxious that he should go tidily dressed, and not forget to eat his meals, or lock up his bureau. But through all these domestic trifles there rise from time to time the earnest and dignified accents of such profound thought as few minds have been capable of sustaining: —

Seven years ago, my Julie, a problem of my own invention occurred to me, which I was not able to solve in a direct manner. Accidentally I hit upon its solution, and was con-

vinced of its accuracy, without being able to demonstrate it. This haunted my mind, and twenty times did I seek to see my way, but without success. For the last few days the idea has haunted me everywhere; and, at last, I know not how, I have found the solution, and with it a crowd of novel and curious suggestions, bearing on the theory of probabilities. As I believe that there are few mathematicians in France who could work the problem in less time, I cannot doubt that its publication in the form of a *brochure* of some twenty pages will be a good way of helping me to a chair of mathematics. This small work of pure algebra will be ready the day after to-morrow.

And again:—

I made an important discovery yesterday regarding the theory of play . . . I am preparing to insert it in the same work, which it will not greatly increase. I am pretty sure it will give me a place in the *Lyceé*, for, in the present state of things, there is no mathematician in France (I repeat it) capable of such a work. I tell you all this just as I think, but you must tell it to no one.

Thus arose his work entitled "*Considérations sur la Théorie du Feu*"—a subject attempted by Buffon and others, but never, it is acknowledged, so solved before. It cost him infinite anxiety lest the idea should have been in any way forestalled. But he was soon satisfied on that point. One of the official examiners, feeling for others as ignorant as himself, urged his bringing it within the reach of a larger number of readers, by putting his algebraic formula in the shape of figures. This the young author, who, with all his readiness to part with his ideas, did not want to see them ill treated, stoutly resisted. "I will give a few examples, but I insist on printing my work as it is. Such examples as he proposes would give it the look of a schoolboy's performance." It is true the little folio did not sell, and no one who has seen it can be surprised at that.

Meanwhile the French republic, in other words Buonaparte, had offered a reward of sixty thousand francs for a discovery in electricity and galvanism, comparable to those made by Volta and Franklin. Ampère longed to enter into competition, but, while labouring all day in and out of school, had no leisure to develop that which lay embryonic in his mind. Our own Davy, three years his junior, gained the prize. Still, the fruits of his labour did not fail; his "*Théorie du Feu*" had made its way to the Institute, where it was unanimously pronounced the work "*d'une tête forte*." The inspector of

the Bourg College had also pronounced Ampère's pupils to be forwarder than any others, and an appointment to a professorship "*de Lycée*" at Lyons itself was the result.

Ampère had now reached the summit of his wishes—a more lucrative appointment, and that with his wife at his side. But Julie had sad presentiments: she was, as it were, behind the scenes. One of her last letters gently prepares him: "The problem of regaining health is not one for us to solve. No wishes of ours can obtain that, if the Master of our being has decreed otherwise. *Mon ami*, we were made for each other, and, if I were well, we should be too happy." The end was not far off. The journal takes up the narrative of a period of intense anxiety. "*J'espère en Vous, O mon Dieu! mais je serai soumis à votre arrêt, quelqu'il soit. Mais j'eusse préféré la mort.*" And then finally, "*O Seigneur, Dieu de miséricorde, daignez me réunir dans le ciel à celle que vous m'avez permis d'aimer sur la terre.*" Julie Ampère died in July 1804.

Ampère is next found in Paris, where he accepted an appointment at l'Ecole Polytechnique, and subsequently became inspector-general of the university. The history of his mind is here continued by a correspondence with his Lyonesse friends. Foremost among these was the printer, Simon Ballanche, a name of high moral and intellectual import of whom we shall hear more. Ampère sought to drown his sorrow in work. But mathematics and geometry had no balm for such a wound. He was lonely and miserable, for Parisian manners at that time offered no congenial society for a bereaved and virtuous young man. He writes to his friends: "Pray for me, that I may continue to feel unhappy rather than become like too many I see here." He had been piously brought up in the communion of Rome, and, with the friends alluded to, had taken an active part in a society for the purpose of scientifically studying the grounds of the Christian religion, in opposition to the scepticism and sensuality of the day. But these foundations threatened now to crumble under his feet. He was not the first mourner to find that the usual religious formulas are apt to melt away before the fury of that furnace; or to have experienced that minds of a certain calibre need a strength of conviction not so much intended to be the present support as the final fruit of intense mental anguish. It was not so much his own sufferings, as the revela-

tion they gave him of what the human mind could suffer, which shook his faith. Ampère's happiness was ever dependent on that of his fellow-creatures. It was said of him what can be said of few men: "*Pour lui, le MOI n'est rien.*" A mind so constituted and so tried turned naturally upon itself. He plunged accordingly for a time with feverish eagerness into the study of metaphysics, and could discuss and think on no other subject. The good people at Lyons took alarm for his orthodoxy. Ballanche, one of the few French mystics who has left his mark on modern French literature—who had himself learned "the secret of sorrow," and endorsed that knowledge with the following significant words: "We should be far less surprised to suffer, if we knew how much better sorrow is adapted to our nature than pleasure"—Ballanche, at that time so out of suits with happiness as to meditate embracing a monastic life—he, ever patient where Ampère was ever impetuous—now wisely admonishes his friend not to apply the sounding-lead too audaciously to his own mind. But the wisdom of the advice went no further. The remedy proposed by anxious friends, and even by Ballanche, was more dangerous than the evil. Perceiving the loneliness of the young widower, and forgetting that there were unions worse than any solitude, the only specific they could urge was the speedy choice of a second Madame Ampère!

We here enter that conventional atmosphere, ever repugnant to the English mind, which in France too often envelops all the antecedents of the closest tie in life. How deeply these conventions are rooted in French private life is sufficiently obvious by the fact that Ampère himself should have believed and acquiesced in the plan. In this instance alone he descends from his rightful pedestal; not by a second marriage, but by the cold-blooded process by which Julie was replaced. A young lady, chosen by the usual interposition of friends, ignorant of the exceptional nature of the man she married, and incapable of honouring it; with a mother true to M. Mohl's definition of "*la férocité des mères françaises*;" soon revenged the slight put on poor Julie's memory. To such women the simplicities and blunders, as well as the soaring aspirations of genius were a continual offence, and one interpreted as being especially levelled at themselves; and Ampère soon found himself sent to Coventry with a far more intolerable solitude than he ever endured

before. The young woman did not await the birth of her child to seek a judicial separation from its father. The courts decided unhesitatingly in Ampère's favour, and a letter of dignified kindness calling upon her to return to him and to "*notre enfant*"—whose birth meanwhile had only been communicated to him by the porter of the Ecole—gives a sufficient measure of their respective characters. Madame Ampère declined her husband's invitation—the little Albine was claimed and welcomed by the father with a "*tendresse de mère*," while the mother herself never inquired for or saw her child again.

No one conversant with the property of genius will ask whether these reverses affected any change in the mind of this gifted and artless man. It is not in the nature of genius to change. It is one of those elementary essences which is incapable of transmutation. Things the most diverse have sometimes the same characteristics; and genius, like folly, takes no lesson from experience. Ampère returned to Lyons, chiefly to entreat his mother to leave her residence and form her home, with the little Jean-Jacques and Albine, under his roof in Paris. On this occasion the journal of an old friend has bequeathed a sketch of Ampère too vivid to be omitted here:—

Ampère met me with a troubled look, but his sufferings have not changed him. There is always the same activity of mind; the same fire, the same exaltation, the same tenderness. Nothing more restless (*mobile*) than his ideas, nothing more persistent than his character. He told me the details of his marriage catastrophe, of which his letters had given me but a feeble picture. What petty malices! He had allied himself to a creature of a different species to himself. And, on his part, not the commonest perception of human character; no reflection, no common sense; all weakness, credulity, and improvidence. He threw himself headlong into the net prepared for him. In telling me the indignities to which they had subjected him, with tears in his eyes, he was overcome with such intense grief, that I knew not how I should turn the subject; when, at the mere word "*métaphysique*," accidentally uttered, he became at once another man, setting himself with incredible and inexhaustible vehemence to unfold to me his system of ideology. The next moment his boy asked him the name of a plant, and forthwith he expounded to him the systems of Tournefort, Linnæus, etc., etc.—then came astronomy, then religion—no end!

But though his friends shook, as he expresses it, the dust from off their feet against his favourite "*idéologie*," Ampère

never forsook the study of metaphysics. Nor did it ever arrest the ardent search of this universal student into more material phenomena. His fame chiefly rests on his discovery of the identity of the magnetic and electric forces. By him alone was the complex and apparently inextricable action of the two currents analyzed and classified under the condition of an elementary law. Nor has the more than half-century of study and progress which has since elapsed changed or shaken one syllable of his definitions. In his upward and ever widening flight he detected and recorded other tracks of discovery, and suggested their application, though time was denied him to work them out. Among these may be especially mentioned the modern use of telegraphy, which he as much anticipated as Sir Humphrey Davy that of photography—in each case sufficient proofs of the fact being left. Meanwhile that august body which dispenses the highest recognition genius can aspire to, and which has continued its sitting and annals unshaken by wars or revolutions, elected him among their number. He became a member of the Institute in 1814. He was far, however, from imbibing the stoicism of the body as regards the astounding events of the time. In various passages we trace the course of French history, though far more in his compassion for the soldiers under arms than in any enthusiasm for their leader. However impressionable his imagination, Buonaparte, even at the height of his success, never kindled it. But how acutely he could feel his country's reverses is thus expressed after the battle of Waterloo: "I am like the grain between two millstones. I cannot express the anguish of my heart. I can hardly bear my life. At all hazards I must flee from those who only repeat to me, 'You will not suffer personally;' as if it could be a question of self in such catastrophes."

We turn now to the young son of André-Marie's happy days—equally as his father a glutton for knowledge and a fanatic for work—equally also at the mercy of the most ardent feelings both in love and in friendship. Happily his mental organization was not of so susceptible and anxious a kind, while as to common sense, the mere fact of living much with his father ensured him a rather larger share. No *ménage* could have afforded two alike in that respect. In short, Jean-Jacques knew the world better than André-Marie did, though, compared with any but him, he was one of the most unworldly men

living. André-Marie doated on the boy, which doubtless accounts for certain sorrowful entries regarding wilfulness and insubordination. The threat of a school by way of punishment failed signally, except in distressing himself. "Jean-Jacques shows no concern in hearing this plan discussed. It would seem, though he dares not own it, that he will be rather glad to go away from me." To school, accordingly, the boy went, to his great gain in every way. For, in spite of all the living instruction perpetually flowing from his father, it may be doubted whether he would have been so favourably developed at home. The elder Ampère was wont to say of himself that he knew as much of mathematics at eighteen as could be acquired at that time. And it was a great disappointment to him that Jean-Jacques did not inherit his ardour for that science. He entertained alternately one of two aspirations for his son—either that he should become a great mathematician, or, if that were impossible, that he should take to some mercantile career in which he could make a fortune. For André-Marie had suffered too much from poverty not to wish to avert a like experience from his son. But Jean-Jacques disappointed his hopes in both respects, being as invincibly indifferent to money as he was to mathematics. The boy's letters to his father in these volumes—commencing when he was sixteen—are remarkable in every way. The mind is clear in its views, and frank in telling them, while the style of expression is, what it ever continued, most unmistakably true to his native country. He was born in 1800, and writes as follows in 1816:—

I am at this moment undecided as to my future mode of life; but do not, I pray, be distressed at this. Before determining on the career of a manufacturer it is necessary to reflect maturely. *Il y va du bonheur, il y va de bien plus, il y va de la gloire.* Do not think that I set myself against the idea. I have the best disposition in the world to be persuaded by you, but if you fail to persuade me I will tell you.

Again, a few days later, in a more grandiloquent style:—

My decision is made; *je veux être QUEL-QUECHOSE*; but I am arrived at a point where it would be impossible for me to become a *marchand*. My taste is pretty equal for letters and for science, which is rare; but commerce is the one thing for which I have an invincible aversion. Shall then the despicable desire for gain induce me to embrace such a career? *Qui donc?* Is the mind of a boy,

for eight years, to be perpetually stimulated by grand examples to the most noble and generous sentiments, especially that of disinterestedness, and at the end of that education is he to be told that all this is only a *tas de bêtises*, and that he is to be sent to rot at a counter! With all the paths of life open to me why should I choose one so wretched! Rather precipices than mud!

The bent of Jean-Jacques' mind was especially for letters, and the works by which he subsequently made himself known fully vindicated the predilection. Few writers, even in that country where *style* is the *sine quâ non* of literary reputation, have expressed purer sentiments in purer language. While still at school also, and liberated from the dread of the counting-house, Jean-Jacques carried off the principal prizes, and showed those powers of thought which had been equally inherited and early educated. Under these circumstances André-Marie soon transferred his paternal ambition into a less sordid channel, and, true to his impulsive nature, went almost as injudiciously in an opposite direction. Convinced now that his son's abilities lay in the sphere of the imagination, nothing would content him but that he should write a tragedy! Jean-Jacques needed little prompting. His friends and schoolfellows, as high-flown in their ideas as himself, were destined to be among the distinguished writers of their day. Victor Cousin, Prosper Mérimée, Morel, Sautélet — with others as ardent but with less known names — were his chosen companions. He entered accordingly upon life with the most exalted sentiments as to its aims and duties. At eighteen he writes to an equally young friend, "*Oui, mon ami, my only object is to be useful, but useful in the divine sense of the term. Whatever is unconnected with that aim I exclude from my life. I am determined neither to work, nor learn, nor feel, nor express anything that does not point that way.*" Two more years pass, and a reaction sets in. He reads Goethe, learns English, begins music. "Anything to escape the sorrowful realities of life. *L'homme est ici-bas pour s'ennuyer et souffrir.*"

Meanwhile a tragedy entitled "*Rosamonde*," embodying the ardours and despairs that alternately swayed his imagination, was composed — too divinely useful, however, to be adapted to the French stage; for to André-Marie's infinite disappointment it was pronounced "*irreprésentable*." The young tragedian, always steady in self-application, had the patience to remodel it; but we are not aware that

"*Rosamonde*," or a subsequently composed piece, ever stood the test of representation. It served, however, as a safety-valve during a period of intense mental excitement, when, as he expresses himself, "*le sentiment de malédiction a été sur moi — autour de moi — en moi.*" This state was principally owing to the reading of "*Manfred*." Byron never had a nobler victim, for the time, to this morbid creation of his genius. "*Jamais, jamais, de ma vie, lecture ne m'écrasa comme cela. J'en suis malade.*" His imagination was at this boiling-point when that event took place which was destined to affect his whole life, and which connects the history of Jean-Jacques with that bewitching and incomprehensible woman, who, alike without birth, fortune, and talent, held her reign, lifelong, undisputed, and uninterrupted, equally in the circles of fashion and over the hearts of men. Madame Récamier, distinguished neither in art or letters, nor in any of the scandalous forms of notoriety too often connected with celebrated beauties, has yet a reputation which perpetually stimulates curiosity. Born in the same city, Lyons, and in the same year, 1777, as Julie Carron, the mother of Jean-Jacques, no two "*carrières de jeune fille*" could have been more opposite. The one lived and died like a violet in the shade; her short and humble life only now brought to light by the fame of her husband and son; the other, Juliette Bernard, childless and virtually husbandless, was transplanted as a mere child, in 1789, from a convent near Lyons to the centre of Parisian vice, frivolity, and peril; never from that time to pause in a career, however chequered, almost public in character. The figure of Madame Récamier is one not easily drawn upon a canvas. She is said to have hardly risen in mind above the commonplace; but no commonplaces explain her. Two main conditions contributed to make her what she was. These were the times in which her youth was spent, and the country to which she belonged. The "Terror," and the depraved manners which accompanied it, led to the detestable logic which is believed to have united her to M. Récamier; while the freedom of life which French society allows to a married woman gave her a scope and liberty, inevitable in her case, and never more excusable. Both by her position at the side of a man, holding the name of her husband, but supposed to be her father, as well as by the gift of transcendent beauty, she was, in a measure, set apart. That beauty can now only be

gauged by the sensation it created, for neither David's picture nor Canova's bust account for its extraordinary reputation; but that it was of a nature "that would make you crazy," and did make many miserable, is as certain as evidence can make any fact. Still, Juliette Récamier's reputation is not thus fully accounted for. Her beauty did for her all that beauty, *per se*, can ever do. It gave her an immediate advantage over others of her sex, and it made her the fashion and the rage, but it never, singly, could have made her what she really became, an enduring power. For this woman forms an exception to the usual limit and fate of evanescent personal charms. She was sure not only to captivate, but certain to retain. There was that about her which enlisted one-half of the creation in her favour without rousing the other half against her. Indeed she received the homage and affection of both sexes. At the same time we must preface our brief analysis of the lady by acknowledging that it can only be made in a French sense. The plain English for a woman who lived in the habitual receipt and encouragement of the most ardent declarations of passion from several men at once — indifferent whether married or single — might sound somewhat stern. Those, however, born and bred under the social code of one country cannot be arraigned at the bar of another. Madame Récamier's position also was, even in France, exceptional; in England it would have been impossible. The enchantress might have been the product of this country, but not the men — noble, gifted, and faithful as they were — who formed her court and built up her fame. With us, there is little doubt, such a career would have had a different character, a different name, and a different close. The great fact in her favour, to the full credit of which she is entitled, is that through all the triumphs which her beauty procured, her heart survived unspoiled, and her powers of sympathy unblunted. It is true this in no way prevented her playing ruthlessly with her victims, and even delighting to stimulate that which she never satisfied. But here her sex must share the responsibility. Powers of fascination are not apt to weary with practice, or succeed to pall with repetition. Possessing a talisman which no man resisted, she would have been super-woman not to have exulted in its use. Elevated by her charms to a kind of sovereignty, she never doubted her right divine to see all at her feet. Passionless herself, yet

with an unquenchable desire to please, she played a game in which it never troubled her that she paid the forfeits in a coin different to those she received. It was true she liked admirers to buzz about her, but she did not want them to burn their wings. On the contrary, lovers who were impatient, or who rebelled against short commons, were very inconvenient to her. Not that she released them the more for that; all that she wished was to instruct them in the art of friendship; and her success, in this respect, if that could be called friendship which was a passionate and lifelong devotion, was as marvellous as the rest of her history. For the annals of friendship, even in France, have not preserved anything more tender and true than that which ultimately bound her friends to her, her to them, and all, for her sake, to each other. The isolation of her position, the "open sesame" of her beauty, and the high class of French society into which circumstances had thrown her, gave her an influence she was always ready to exert, and which she seems never to have abused. For, as the fittest complement to all her attractions, she was pre-eminently a fair woman *with* discretion. Thus she became a central figure; wanted, consulted, and trusted, as few reigning favourites have proved themselves worthy to be. According to Madame Mohl, "there was not an action in Madame Récamier's life that might not give a lesson to her sex." This, perhaps, may be interpreted by the fact that on all occasions she was essentially and invariably feminine. The whole scale of feminine practice was exemplified by her; from discretion to judgment, from fortitude to heroism. She never revealed a secret, and many a conspiracy was in her keeping. She bore the loss of fortune with dignity; and she braved exile for the sake of a woman she loved.

But enough of this attempt at definitions, doubly difficult for an English pen to draw. To this irresistible lady, Jean-Jacques Ampère was presented when he was in his twentieth and she in her forty-third year; a disparity one might have supposed sufficient to render the one harmless, and the other secure. But the Circe would have smiled at such a conclusion, and never stood more confessed in her potency than on the day she received the unsuspecting youth. Ballanche, his father's friend, who, for years, had lost all power of breaking through the magnetic circle which, wherever she moved, kept him near enough to see her daily — Bal-

lanche, the simple, dreamy, ugly man—"the mandarin of literature," as M. Mohl called him—who was emphatically "her property"—acted as the decoy on this occasion. There, ushered suddenly into the presence of the still most beautiful woman of her time, surrounded by some of the most ancient and illustrious names in France, the young man found himself in an atmosphere he had never breathed before.

The form of society which constitutes a French *salon*—if that term may still be used in the present tense—is one of the broad distinctions between French and English life. It is a thing not to be made to order by any amount of rank or wealth; it is dependent for its creation and support solely on the gentle sex; and it has not the remotest relationship to that uncomfortable crowd, spasmodically summoned, which constitutes the English lady's "at home." Compared with that, indeed, it may be termed a very domestic institution, consisting, as it mainly does, in bringing together, in an inexpensive and apparently spontaneous way, the same circle of friends over and over again. Nevertheless, the conditions of the *salon* are so curiously anti-English that there is no form of French dissipation we should not be more ready to imitate. In truth the grapes are sour for us. The *salon* has its foundations deep in French life, and in that alone. Every well-ordered French home is in some sort its cradle. French children are born and bred in an atmosphere which, were it only by the careful and ready practice of the inimitable language they inherit, educates them for it. English mothers are satisfied with teaching their children how to speak; French mothers instruct them how to talk. The duties of a French governess include the careful direction and manipulation of the incipient powers of neat and sprightly chat. "*Un peu plus de sel, mes enfants,*" is no unusual admonition to the little circle who are endeavouring to *faire la conversation* out of nothing at all. Thus the children are trained in the use of polite expressions and appropriate turns of speech; damaging, as we think, to the charm and simplicity of childhood, but also calculated to destroy that tyranny of *mauvaise honte* which paralyses even such scanty vocabulary as our awkward boys and girls possess, and often clings to them through life. To quote Madame M— (Mohl): "Children in France are found fault with if they do not explain themselves well, or if they use vulgar ex-

pressions; slang is totally inadmissible; they are much conversed with, and encouraged to talk. A schoolboy in England is a very honest fellow and we esteem him; but if he had been taught to explain himself in his mother tongue, and did not begin everything with 'I say, old fellow,' we should not hear so many gentlemen of thirty years of age hum and haw whenever they are going to speak, for *conversing* it cannot be called."

But the primary condition of the *salon* is its leader. Such materials as we have described, like restless "molecules," require a centre round which to "crystallize." And here the Salic law, as in most respects in France, where the tact and intelligence of women is concerned, is directly reversed. For the *salon* ignores all male descent, and acknowledges only the female line. Far even from being an affair of connubial partnership, one of the rules laid down in the *ancien régime* was, that the husband, if not happily dead, should be either absent, or "*nul*." By so much the more were the social qualifications of the lady required to be of the highest order. She must either be a wit herself, or have the power to attract wits around her. She must have perfect knowledge of men and books, of the last epigram, and of the newest *brochure*. She must be gifted with appreciation for distinctions of every kind; with superiority to all little-nesses of pique or jealousy; with the art "*de faire briller les autres*;" with the tact to "*mettre les ennemis en présence, les talents en valeur, et les ennuyeux à la porte*;" and finally, she must keep at home every evening! No woman, therefore, without great abilities, great exertions, and great sacrifices ever formed a *salon*, or kept it together. It is not to be wondered that Miss Berry, the only lady who contrived to hold a nightly assembly of this kind in London, has been heard to say, with a sigh, "People little know the number of small three-cornered notes my evenings cost me."

Another distinction of a subtler kind between French and English society is the opposite way in which the two races view certain trials of patience. The French detest *ennui*; the English abominate a *bore*; each party also has much indulgence for his neighbour's *bête noire* as impatience of his own. The one had rather be bored than dull—the other had rather be dull than bored. We look upon quiet monotony after the labour of the day as domestic and proper, and, thankful to be exempt from trying to make what most of us make

so ill, never suspect that in the French sense we are conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer*. They, meeting gaily of an evening to discharge the pent-up vivacity of the day, and naturally delighting to practise that in which they all excel, are too content with themselves and everybody else to detect the large percentage of what we would think supreme bores among them. For the French *salon*, while the scene of the greatest geniality and intelligence that the educated world can offer, is also, it must be confessed, the natural refuge of many for whom our impertinent monosyllable gives the only definition. Madame de Staël's *salon* was perhaps the most brilliant realization ever known of the power of one woman's genius; but for all that she had her bore. And when, on the Duke of Wellington's first visit to her, in 1815, the Abbé Pradt caught the great man as he entered, and pinned him by the button-hole for three-quarters of an hour, the lady's fever of impatience confessed him to be that for which her own rich repertory of words had no available term.

At the period we are describing (1820), the *salon* life in Paris had been restored as far as possible upon the traditions of the *ancien régime*; coupled with such innovations as the intervening changes had entailed. The vulgar new had to be amalgamated with the frivolous old; upstart intelligence with stately dullness; the real ability of whichever side brought to mix amicably for the entertainment of all. Over such a "fusion" Madame Récamier — herself a child of the Revolution, and ever true to its principles of liberty — was peculiarly fitted to preside. At the same time her *salon*, as Jean-Jacques Ampère stated just forty years later,\* was far from being a "*bureau d'esprit*," and if talents were brought forward it was more in the service of friendship than of intellect.

To return to this particular *salon* now entered. There is something serio-comic in the scene it conjures up. The goddess in the centre, enveloped in clouds of diaphanous muslin, and reclining on a car-like sofa of blue satin damask, terminating in a "*col de cygne doré, à l'empire*." The older lovers all worshipping around — too malicious to warn, and too hopeless to grudge — as they watched the young "*aspirant*" who thus boldly entered the lists. There is no doubt that the fresh incense and new mind thus imported were

grateful both to the shrine and its votaries, and in neither did young Jean-Jacques stand one whit behind his fellow-adorsers. Meanwhile no time was lost in training the new-comer, who, to do her justice, she immediately recognized as a prize. He was invited to her country house; he was included in the magic "*nous*" which designated her select circle; he was christened "*Edouard*," as a more euphonious appellation than that he had derived from his murdered grandfather; he was alternately petted as a lad and tortured as a man. His letters to the lady, which have escaped the usual and desirable fate of most youthful follies in that shape, are a record of a passion the most absurd and misplaced that was ever fanned, and yet too manly and earnest for mere derision. In these he does not venture beyond the apostrophe "*Madame!*" though his feelings show small trace of restraint in other respects. The young man was difficult to break in. It was long before he could be brought to comprehend that those who sighed like himself were not his rivals, but his very excellent friends. He even forgot himself so far as to show jealousy and dislike. Of M. de Châteaubriand, especially, he was jealous, and with good reason; and M. de Châteaubriand, especially, he disliked, and, as those who knew that celebrated man would again say, with good reason too. He persisted also in pleading that none of them loved her as he did. "*Moi, qui vous aime comme on ne vous a jamais aimée; vous, qu'on a tant aimée.*" He endures his existence, he says, every day but to reach the hour which admits him to the Abbaye-aux-Bois (her residence), and yet he turns restive at the conditions he finds there. The trial of being "*chez vous sans être avec vous*" is more than he can bear.

I cannot accustom myself to place our *rapport* — a *rapport* so intense, so mournful, so unique to me — at the mercy of the *bavardage de votre intérieur*, with which I have nothing in common. You know I do justice to those who compose your *salon*, but why should I — because I have a passionate attachment to you — be obliged to form an integral part in the existence of Madame this, or Monsieur that? Why should all this be mixed up together, and not each have their separate opportunity? Rather one quarter of an hour *certain*, and entirely to myself with you, than eight hours a day used up in waiting, and hoping, and catching peeps of you; in chattering about Dante or anything else; when you are there — you, to whom I have so much to say! — you, who are all in all to me! Once for all, this mode of existence kills me.

\* *Mémoire d'Alexis de Tocqueville, Le Correspondant*. June 1859.

This kind of rebellion was quite *hors de règle*, and Ballanche, ever the meekest and best-behaved of the party, gently reproves him: "*Mon ami! certaines de vos idées m'attristent: il faut être raisonnable.*" Still Jean-Jacques plunged deeper and deeper; ever sustained by homœopathic doses of encouragement — by a tender look, a slight caress, or even very occasionally by a "*petit billet délicieux.*" Of these last, which must have been compositions of consummate art, none appear; and as a rule the lady was far too discreet often to put pen to paper. Once even the sudden administration of a strong tonic — for what capricious purpose it is impossible to guess — seems to have completely turned his head. The traces of this state are too delirious for any serious diagnosis, but the reader is permitted to conclude that the possibility of a divorce from M. Récamier, with which, nearly twenty years before, the lady had dazzled the imagination of Prince Augustus of Prussia, was also offered, though only in a momentary and tantalizing glimpse, to the man young enough to have been her son.

Madame Récamier never had an Englishman in her toils, and it may be doubted whether a life-long friendship would in that case have ensued. Still, viewing the fact that Jean-Jacques' passion subsided into a respectful and filial devotion such as few women have received, some justice must be done to the compensations she procured him. The society he met under her auspices was what no other *salon* could have given him. Besides the lovers *en titre* — the Dukes Matthieu and Laval de Montmorency, the Vicomte de Châteaubriand, and the unfailing Ballanche — the *élite* of the literary and political world in Paris, never more rich in talent of every kind, were sure to be found at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. Most of them, as it has been said, biding their time as a kind of reserve force, and ready at any moment to spring forward on active service. To her interest also with Duke Laval de Montmorency, then French ambassador at the papal court, he owed his first winter in Rome, where she went (1822-3) to divert the only passion that ever disturbed her peace — that for Châteaubriand — and Jean-Jacques (and of course Ballanche), for any reason that kept him at her side. There, though still engaged in dramatic and poetic efforts, the first idea of that "*Histoire Romaine à Rome*" was suggested, which in after years drew him winter after winter to the

Eternal City, and which in two forms constitutes his most important work. Nor can it be doubted that in the manly effort to conquer the passion which consumed him, and to retrieve the bitterly-owned sense of a youth sacrificed to it, he threw himself into a scheme of study which finally bore him a brilliant harvest. This scheme, "the finest thing in the world, and an infallible means for arriving at almost universal knowledge, is simply to note the most important points in every book I read — to concentrate my attention on them — to impress them on my memory, and to try and forget all the rest. With the additional condition of only reading what is best on every subject and in every language." He adds, "I am busy with Chinese, Hebrew, history, poetry, mathematics, physics; *n'êtes vous pas contenté?*"

For all this, the spell which was at once his happiness and his despair proved too strong for such a recipe, and urged by "other complications," Jean-Jacques fairly slipped his anchors and left Paris, ostensibly for Lyons, but with far more distant intentions. These other complications arose on the part of André-Marie. It is not to be supposed that all these agitations had escaped the observation of the most tender of fathers. We catch signs in his letters of the distress which the young man's infatuation caused him; but for which, strange to say, forgetting all his own sad experience, the worthy man had but one remedy to urge — namely, the speedy choice of a wife! In his simplicity he had even taken steps, in true French fashion, rather compromising to his son, and dreamed of no greater felicity than, firstly, to see him married to a certain Mademoiselle Clémentine, daughter of Cuvier; and, secondly, distinguished in the dramatic line. Under all these circumstances, it was time for poor Jean-Jacques to seek safety in absence. He knew better than to hope for cure from a *marriage de convenances*; while his dramatic flights, under cover of which he had of late years indulged the expression of his passion, had lost all attraction for him.

It is my wish [he writes to Madame Récamier] to break definitively with the poetic career — by way of profession; to quit that miserable class of petty tragic authors — played or unplayed — into which I have been led; and to endeavour to take a place in the rising school, historical, philosophical, and literary, of the day. I shall pass the winter, therefore, in learning German and Germany. In the spring I shall go from town to town,

getting acquainted with men and libraries; and, after this period of self-test and austere study, fortified with the conscience and habit of my purpose, I shall come back to you with my head, I hope, clear from phantoms, and my heart full of that real attachment in which you believe. And then, happen what may, there will be always two persons inseparable from my life, my father and you.

The purpose here alluded to was that of a grand work, "*L'Histoire de toutes les Littératures*," never executed as a whole; though his "*Histoire de la Poésie*," "*Essaies du Nord*," "*Littérature Danoise, Allemande, Slave, Bohémienne, et Scandinave*," suffice to show the universality of knowledge he brought to the subject.

We must forbear following him to Bonn, where he attended the lectures of Schlegel and Niebuhr, and expresses himself as "appalled at the extent of knowledge thought indispensable in this country, with which we dispense in France." It was during these eighteen months' stay in Germany that young Ampère, by severe study, qualified himself to take his place in that rising school to which he had alluded, and which during the next quarter of a century presented a galaxy of intellect and learning in all forms never before united in France, and not soon to be hoped for there again! also, it may be added, more than comparable with the Germany of the same time. Such men as Thiers, Mignet, Guizot, Léonce de Lavergne, Thierry, Sainte Beuve, Victor Cousin, Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, Mérimée, Gustave de Beaumont, Montalembert, Lacordaire, and especially Alexis de Tocqueville, may be enumerated—all of them finally destined to occupy with both the Ampères the benches of the French Institute, and most of them bound to each other by ties of friendship first contracted in the evening gatherings of the Abbaye-aux-Bois. And of all these ties there was none so warm as that which united Jean-Jacques and Alexis de Tocqueville—friends *par excellence* in the highest French sense. If Ampère's attachment to Madame Récamier—on which we have dwelt the more, as, until the publication of these two volumes, it was comparatively unknown—constitutes the first episode of importance in his life, his friendship for Tocqueville may be deemed the second. In every interval of travel, and no Frenchman ever travelled so widely as he, having, as his friend expressed himself, "*l'humeur voyageuse de Phirondelle*," he was sure to be found returned to that nest in the Château de Tocqueville, which went by

the name of "*la chambre d'Ampère*." Tocqueville, on his part, as many still living can testify, never wearied of dwelling on the charm which Ampère's society had for him; and naively writes that visitors were wont to start "*le chapitre d'Ampère*," in order to set him talking, "as a clever causeur will lead his neighbour to speak of himself in order to put him '*en train*.'" They were plenty of reasons, in their mutual studies and differing temperaments—Tocqueville often anxious and desponding, Ampère ever cheerful and equal—to bring them together; but reasons were superfluous. The root of the matter lay with them, as with Boetius and Montaigne—they loved each other because the one was Tocqueville and the other Ampère. The nervous historian even trusted the soundness of his friend's literary judgment as much as that of his heart. The sheets of the "*Démocratie*" underwent Ampère's revision before going to press; and one of the four first copies, as Tocqueville expresses himself, "*avant la lettre*," was reserved "*pour l'amitié*." "You understand that under that title it can only go straight to your address. Accept it, I beg, not for the book's sake (you know that by heart already), but as the pledge of a tender affection."

The allusion to the politics of the day are not frequent in these letters, though when they occur they are of no small significance. The three days' revolution of July 1830 found Madame Récamier and Jean-Jacques together at Dieppe. But neither of them were of a sort to continue in safety while friends were in danger. The lady accordingly returned immediately to Paris, and was escorted by Jean-Jacques in a walk both of difficulty and peril over the barricades, from the chapel St. Denis to her own home. The fidelity of M. de Châteaubriand to Charles Dix and his retirement from all political activity, is one of the few events recorded. This act helped to give Ampère a juster measure of that distinguished man, who was truly great in great things, though infinitely disagreeable in small ones; and in concert with other young members of *la jeune France*, he addresses the ex-minister a letter, earnestly entreating his return. Châteaubriand's answer is remarkable. He fears that liberty is not a plant that can grow in French soil. "*L'égalité*, our national passion, is a magnificent idea in great hearts; but in narrow minds it simply means envy, and in the mob, murders and disorders." Again, a conversation Jean-Jacques held with M. Lafay-

ette preserves these words of no common foresight at that period, "What I fear most is Bonapartism, for that is the only thing that will favour despotism." And to look eighteen years forwarder still, when the spectre was at hand, Jean-Jacques thus writes from Dijon, June 1848:—

It is impossible for me at this distance to comprehend what is doing in Paris. One thing only is clear, which is that the revolution of February has miscarried. The Assembly does nothing, wills nothing, is capable of nothing. The same kind of thing is going on in Germany . . . It is evident that we are to be made over to a pretender of some sort. Order having been re-established, and without the excuse of material disorder, we are to pass under the yoke of a dictatorship. It is said that Madame Salvage's young man\* (Louis Napoleon) has the chance of the moment. But, is the republic to merge into this parody of *l'empire*? What a caricature of the past that would be! I hope Thiers is not in it. I would rather he were president himself, he or another. But to return to princes when they are no longer principles, to bring about a restoration of illegitimacy and usurpation, *c'est vraiment par trop réculer*.

A name coeval with Jean-Jacques Ampère's in French estimation, and better known to fame and friendship in England—that of M. Mohl, the great orientalist—often occurs in these pages. The sturdy young Wirtemberger, and the mercurial Lyonesse, each the archest type of his race, made early acquaintance under the roof of M. Cuvier. With endless tastes in common, that of the study of Chinese first drew them together. As with Tocqueville, their very differences were provocative of friendship. The one judicial, cynical, and systematic—the other impulsive, genial, and erratic; each whetted his appetite for knowledge on the mind of the other. The relish for each other's contrasting natures—ever a fertile source of mutual satire and epigram—even led to their keeping house together. This took place very successfully for some years in the Rue du Bac, before M. Mohl's marriage; he, wisely, undertaking the charge of the *ménage* and the audit of the accounts. There is perhaps no omission in this correspondence more to be regretted than that of M. Mohl's letters—(unless it be that of Madame Mohl's), which the amiable editress in vain solicited permission to include. The two that have escaped the interdict are singularly

calculated to sharpen the appetite for more.

But we must return to one, never forgotten or neglected by his son. The health of Marie-André had already compelled him, accompanied by Jean-Jacques, to spend a winter in the south of France. Neither of their geniuses, as a friend remarks, understood how to combine two ideas concerning "*la plus innocente spéculation d'argent*." How to provide funds for that necessary absence is dwelt on with infinite zest by Jean-Jacques, who owns to having sown his own small fortune inherited from his mother "*d'un bout de l'Europe à l'autre*." But "*le Dieu des ivrognes et des distraits*," according to Tocqueville, watches over both, and the chair of Scandinavian poetry at Marseilles, for exactly the three months required, falls most opportunely to Jean-Jacques' lot. A few years later (1836) the same necessity for a milder climate recurred, and Marie-André, this time alone, repaired again to Marseilles. Jean-Jacques was to follow; but the end was nearer than was supposed. There was but time for a last letter of paternal tenderness, when the great physiologist, and the guileless, loving man, departed from this scene. He was buried at Marseilles with every sign of honour and affection; and in lieu of a Latin inscription, or pompous French panegyric, these words of pure truth alone, from the depth of his son's heart, were engraved on his tomb: "*Il fut aussi bon, aussi simple, que grand*."

The name of André-Marie Ampère needs no further tribute in these pages. It has taken its place among its few illustrious compeers, and was heard still in living accents in the late address of M. Dumas, on the part of the French Academy, over the remains of the lamented Sir Charles Wheatstone. But one phase of his genius has been beyond the power of his works or of his letters to preserve; namely, the marvellous range and power of his eloquence, when invoked on a subject congenial to him. André-Marie was no glutton for talk in general society. He never claimed, like Humboldt, the lion's share in conversation; but when with a few congenial friends, or with his son alone, he would open the vast storehouse of his knowledge, and pour forth a stream of new ideas, suggestions, and combinations, till the hearers remained spell-bound. Walking once, in 1830, on the road to Polémieux, with Lyonesse friends, one of them suggested that he should give them an idea of Cuvier's discoveries. Accord-

\* Madame Salvage was companion to Queen Hortense, and ardent partisan of Prince Louis Napoleon.

ingly there ensued a lecture on palæontology, which neither the walk, nor the dinner, nor the drive back to Lyons interrupted; and which only broke off at a particular point in Lyons where he set down his friends, "all overpowered with the extent and beauty of what they had heard and learned; having had no conception of the force of such a brain, or the poetic wealth of such an imagination." His son also describes how on his first journey for health to the south, propped up by pillows in the carriage, and cautioned not to fatigue the vocal organs, he would enchant him for hours together with a dissertation on the classification of the sciences, till, as he pithily remarks, "my anxiety and my admiration were equally without bounds."

In editing the posthumous works of his father, in a page of introduction to the "*Philosophie*," Jean-Jacques relates that André-Marie was wont to dwell on three things which had made the deepest impression on his youth; namely, his first communion, celebrated with an intensity of devotion which never left him during life; the "*Eloge*" of Descartes by Thomas, which first kindled his ardour for science; and the taking of the Bastille, which, heard from afar, sounded only like the explosion of liberty, and decided the political bias of his life. "Four-and-twenty years after that," Jean-Jacques would say, "in the sombre latter days of the empire, I remember as a boy—walking with him in the streets of Paris—the accent with which he would inveigh against the tyranny, which lay, as he said, like a weight on his breast."

The death of his father left Jean-Jacques virtually without any family ties, and yet with heavy responsibilities. The income of the great physicist died with him, but not so the charges he had undertaken. His daughter Albine had made an unhappy marriage—perhaps one of good André-Marie's own arranging; her husband's vices had brought him into a madhouse, and her own reason had given way under the pressure of sorrow. Jean-Jacques had to provide for both; and also for a *vaurien* cousin who had preyed on the father's kindness, and preyed on that of the son to the last. Jean-Jacques' means were principally derived from the professorship of the history of French literature at the College de France, to which he had been appointed by M. Guizot in 1833. His merits were now further and most opportunely recognized by the adjudgment to him of "*le prix*

*Gobert*," one of the numerous "purses," or foundations held by the Institute, and awarded to special literary claims. These occupations and distinctions, far from repressing rather incited that restless ardour for travel which characterized Ampère. The same principle that made him study the Roman history at Rome, he applied in working at Greek poetry in Greece; in studying Egyptian hieroglyphics in Egypt; and these and every other ancient science in the libraries and museums of Italy. The Egyptian journey, in which he exposed himself as recklessly to the dangers of the climate as if he had been born on the other side of the Channel, left his health so shattered as to entail many months of confinement on his return to Paris.

Meanwhile, though surrounded with friends, courted by men of the greatest eminence, and by women of the highest rank and charm, the Abbaye-aux-Bois remained his one polar star. The longer she lived the more did Madame Récamier succeed in uniting her friends—whatever their dissimilarities or prejudices—and the fewer these became the closer was the union. The hated Châteaubriand had turned into a paternal friend and mentor, whose letters to Ampère when on his travels, giving him tidings of the lady "*par qui nous existons encore*," are some of the choicest morsels of this collection. It was time for the youngest of the band to return, and open his stores of interest, with the sprightliness and vivacity peculiar to himself, for the benefit of those on whom age and infirmities were now weighing. Never was the romance of friendship—its pathos and beauty—so realized as in this narrowing circle. Madame de Récamier was blind; M. de Châteaubriand lame, and failing in mind; and Balanche, the type of unexacting fidelity—who, if not lodged in the same house with the mistress of his heart, was sure to be in the house opposite—had been carried off by sudden illness, holding in his hand he loved best, and his last words pointing to the union beyond. The charge of the two aged friends now devolved almost entirely on Jean-Jacques. No son could have better fulfilled these duties—few real sons fulfil them so well. Every morning a note from him inquired how Madame Récamier had passed the night—every afternoon he came to escort her from the Abbaye-aux-Bois to No. 120 Rue du Bac, where Châteaubriand lived. There in the lonely room, between the blind woman and the paralyzed man, Am-

père would sit for hours, drawing inexhaustibly upon his mind and memory for their entertainment; or submitting to them the sketch he was compiling of the life and works of the never-forgotten Balanche: sure of giving pleasure to the one, if by any means he could interest the declining powers of the other. In July 1848, as our editress expresses herself, "*M. Châteaubriand acheva de mourir.*" Jean-Jacques, as representative both of Madame Récamier and the French Academy, presided at the solemn and picturesque occasion, when, with all the pomp of the Roman ceremonial, the remains of the illustrious writer were deposited, by his expressed wish, in the hollow of a rock on the coast of St. Malo, his native place. On his return to Paris—redoubling his tender care of one who, as she owned, only held "*à la vie du cœur*" by him—he accepted the librarianship of the Bibliothèque Mazarin at the Institute, in order to be nearer her.

But we must close this touching and unique chapter. Madame Récamier died of cholera in May 1849. Jean-Jacques says little for himself at this time, but the letters from friends of all kinds show the respect with which this now broken tie had been viewed. M. Thiers writes: "I sympathize strongly with your sorrow, which must be profound. *Car je sais que Madame Récamier était pour vous toute votre famille.* At our age these griefs are bitter. There is no longer that infinite future before us in which we place so many things when we are young. But let us do like good soldiers, who close their ranks the more as each comrade falls."

Jean-Jacques did press closer to his comrades after a time; but at first he fled from Paris and them. He went to Spain; he came to England; he crossed to America, and traversed the great continent from north to south, and he worked as those work who have little else left to do.

A few words must be said on the literary labours by which he is known, and which are all that heart, ability, industry, and ardour could produce from one of whom Alexis de Tocqueville said that he had the rare privilege of taking interest in all things, and of regarding with equal curiosity, "*tantôt littéraire, tantôt savante, tout ce qui vient de l'homme.*" To this faculty is owing the multifariousness of what he undertook. Histories, romances, plays, travels, biographies, poetry, journalism—the lightest sallies of epigrammatic wit, the driest researches of

archæology—nothing came amiss to one who was as universal in knowledge as cosmopolitan in interest. And all was thrown off with the same genial ease which made him the man most valued as a correspondent, most fascinating in a *tête-à-tête*, most sought in society. His facility of composition was almost unexampled in the annals of authorship, and the more so as combined with habits of thoroughness in all he undertook. He wrote a chapter of a novel in a night—he versified an article on Tocqueville's work which he had not time to write in prose. His six volumes of Roman history, while presenting a mine of knowledge from which hand-book makers will ever dig, have a flow of style seldom combined, except in the highest names, with the same depth of erudition. These, and his careful contributions to the history of various literatures, will live, while the repute of his lighter works, the chief charm of which consisted in their being so like his own conversation, is already passing away with the contemporaries who enjoyed them. Tocqueville's eulogy to the Comte de Circourt on the charm of Ampère's society is significant: "*Le moindre mérite de cet auteur-là est celui d'écrire.*"

Here the attempt to describe the career and character of this remarkable man must come to an end. The Penates of friendly hearths which he had worshipped all his life never forsook him. Madame Récamier was dead, and Alexis de Tocqueville followed ten years later; but the sympathies and consolations of friendship, which were to him as the breath of life, were still renewed. We have instanced his passion for the beautiful Juliette, and his affection for the great historian, as the first and second epochs of his life. A third epoch and a third group of friends were granted to him in the family of the gifted and amiable editress of these volumes. The follies of youth and the ambitions of maturer age were now over, and what the intimacy of this exemplary home circle supplied him with, was best suited for one nearing the end of life's pilgrimage. The lingering illness, the piety, and the death of M. and Mme. Cheuvreux's only child and daughter, "allured to brighter worlds and led the way;" and this chapter, on which we can only thus passingly touch, is so far of a higher order of interest as the joys and sorrows in which he now took part were of a purer and more sacred kind. It is no slight tribute to Madame Cheuvreux—and it is one she will most appreciate—to say that,

as the generous heart of Jean-Jacques Ampère cared for those he loved, equally during life and after death, so her kindred heart in both senses has cared for him. He died at Pau, March 1864, under his friends' roof, bequeathing to Madame Cheuvreux those family records of three generations which she has turned to such pious account. And it may be added that in so doing she has given to the world a work which, more than any other we know, proves that France is the paradise of friendship.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
BEE OR BEATRIX.

#### PART II.

BUT when the time comes, Bee declares that she will go alone.

In the dead silence and downcast eyes with which her father's proposition was received, she read the blow he was inflicting.

She is quite able to walk, she knows the way, and she will be as safe in keeping to the track as if in their own grounds.

"I really think she may. What do you say, Arthur? Everybody is out on the hill with us, and we are all up above. That is to say, if you are sure you won't be frightened or anything, Betty; and mind you keep to the track. Don't let mamma put the blame on me if any harm comes to you. It is your own fault if anything happens."

"Let me see Miss Graeme home."

Every one stares at Harry, Miss Graeme herself included. Every one laughs at the idea. It is *his* hunt. He is the stranger, the guest, the whole thing has been got up for him, and in his heart Harry knows himself that he ought not to be the one.

But what is to be done?

Arthur will not offer, and the boys each think the other should go. Kind Sir Charles looks weakly at his offspring, sympathizing, and sorely perplexed. She cannot walk with a keeper, and altogether the poor child is made to feel that she is terribly in the way.

Harry cannot stand it.

"After all, sir, I have really had enough. I shall be better up to it another day; but standing so long is apt to give one the cramp. Let me be the escort."

Of course, if he puts it upon that, there is nothing more to be said.

Arthur tries to look as if he thought it

quite the right thing, and the boys breathe a sigh of relief as the two brown figures disappear down the track.

"I am so sorry to take you home, Captain Blount. I am so ashamed. One of the boys might"—and poor Beatrix tries to gulp down her mortification, but cannot finish the sentence.

It is evident that she has not been taken in by his flimsy attempt at fiction.

Harry regards her kindly, laughs it off, and begins to talk of other things.

Bee is most anxious to be companionable; she will do all she can to compensate him for the loss of his afternoon's sport; she points out the beauties of the walk, has tales to tell of childish exploits, curiosities to point out; and to all he says in reply, she listens with the most flattering and submissive attention.

The walk will soon be over, but there is one more stone dyke in the way.

"It is rather a worse one than usual," says Blount, shaking the stones, that totter when he touches them; "they are lying loose along the top, without an attempt at being fixed. We must try to find a better place lower down."

"It will be just as bad there—rather worse, in fact; it only goes down to the burn. I think," says Bee, modestly, "you have not fired off your second barrel, Captain Blount; would you put the gun over first?"

He laughs. "That is the advantage of a breech-loader. Look here, Miss Graeme; satisfy yourself that both muzzles are empty. See, we turn it down so, take out the cartridge, and combine safety with economy. The cartridge will do again."

She murmurs something about having always heard her father fire off his gun as he approached the house, and feels that she has been officious; but he reassures her.

"Sir Charles sticks to the old muzzle-loader. You were quite right, indeed. Half the gun-accidents take place through scrambling over a fence with a loaded gun. The twigs catch, or something."

He is helping her over, and a shower of stones topples after them.

"You seem to have a superfluity of these walls about here?"

"Charlie and I had to get over seventeen the other day."

"Seventeen! Where had you been?"

"He was fishing all along there, and I went with him, as I wanted to visit a blind man who lives at the back of that hill. It is too far to go by the road, at least to

walk, and we had a delightful expedition."

"Don't you fish?"

"Oh yes, but not these pools; I can't get at them. I fish a burn nearer home."

Blount draws her on, and the unsuspecting creature lays bare before him all the tenor of her simple life. They go laughing and chatting along, and by the time they reach the hall-door they have become quite friends.

Lady Graeme, just come in from her drive, wonders much to hear Bee's voice underneath the windows, and Bee's merry laugh as the door opens.

What can have brought them all home at this time of day?

No accident, of course, or Bee would not be laughing; but it is odd.

Still more does she wonder when Harry Blount alone follows Beatrix into the room.

Bee had had enough of the hunt, was tired, and papa thought she had better come home. She need not alarm her mother by saying anything about the faintness at present.

"Could none of your brothers have brought you?"—very gravely asked.

Of course they could. Of course Arthur was selfish, and the boys thoughtless, but she would fain screen them if she can.

Captain Blount is sailing very near the wind in his efforts to come to the rescue, but it is a bad business; and at last Bee breaks out, unable to control herself any longer, for she sees that both Harry and she are under suspicion.

"Mamma, the truth was, that none of them would come; but Captain Blount was so good-natured—I am sure I could have come alone," cries the poor culprit, with almost a sob. "I could not *bear* to bring him."

The maternal brow clears.

"Now I understand, my dear. It was very unfortunate, and we are both very much obliged to Captain Blount. It would have been most improper, quite dangerous for you to have attempted walking home alone; the wild cattle, horses, even the dogs, are sometimes vicious. I can't think how your father could have proposed such a thing."

"It was I who proposed it; papa did not know what to do."

Lady Graeme will take care it does not happen again; and, aloud, wonders at Sir Charles, but in her heart knows of old how little there is to wonder at.

The one she really is wroth with is Arthur.

To send his sister home with a stranger! To let a guest do what should have been his part! To force his friend to give up his amusement instead of giving it up himself!

"I feel ashamed of my sons," says the good lady; "and I hope they will at least have the grace to be ashamed of themselves."

Then she jerks the bell with emphasis, and orders up tea.

The great wood-fire is sparkling and crackling cheerily on the hearth, and as the dusk rapidly draws on, its lambent reflections play and dance over the old-fashioned furniture, and throw gleams of light to the farthest corners of the room. Betty, making tea with her hat and jacket thrown off, her hair all straying over her forehead, and the glow which the walk home has brought back to her cheek illuminating her eyes also, is so different a creature from the very fine young lady in her tinsel and gewgaws who presided there the evening before, that Harry has quite forgotten the first picture in the second.

He is sitting in the chimney-corner himself; Lady Graeme is on the sofa with her little table beside her, her bonnet-strings untied, and her shawl loosened at the throat; while Miss Williams, prim and starched, draws in her chair to the tea-table.

Bee goes the round, waiting on them all, in spite of Harry's faint protests, and still feeble movements.

He looks up laughing in her face, and she orders him to sit still, and they understand each other perfectly.

Harry begins to think that he had not the worst of the bargain in coming home; it really was rather slow in the wood till that one moment when the little buck came in sight; and who could say that he would have knocked over another as clean and fair? Who could have promised him another shot at all?

Besides which, he is conscious of his self-sacrifice, the women have openly acknowledged it, and he knows that even the boys and the sportsmen were not more blinded than they chose to be.

"May I have a little, a very little more?"

Of course he may—there is plenty. If there were not, some one else might go without—Arthur, for instance—she will not be particular in keeping anything for *him*, you may be sure.

Her mother's cup comes back likewise.

Lady Graeme will have another, or half another, if Bee can promise that it will be quite as good as the last; and then Miss Williams follows suit; lastly, the tea-maker drains the pot on her own account, and with grim satisfaction doubles up the last thin slice of brown bread-and-butter.

They can ring for more if they want it.

As this tray was only supposed to be served up for the two elderly ladies' modest refreshment, the little minx knows that she can shelter herself; so she takes up her supplies, comes away from the tea-table, and gets into the other corner of the fireplace with the utmost content.

"How dark it is growing! I hope they have stopped by this time!" exclaimed Lady Graeme, anxiously.

Captain Blount looks at his watch. "They were to stop at half-past four. It is nearly five now."

Not five yet! Duncan must have brought tea earlier than usual.

"Because you rang for it, mother. We always get earlier and earlier at this season. I was quite ready for mine."

"So you ought; you had no luncheon."

Pray, how does he know what she had?

Bee assures him that she did have luncheon.

"What! How much?"

She had *some*.

He shakes his head at her, she shakes hers back at him; the other two cannot help laughing at them.

"If I were to tell Lady Graeme —" He is not going to tell tales, but she thinks he is, and gives him such a frown, turning her face aside to do so, as chills poor Harry's veins.

He stops short, of course; then upsets his empty cup on the rug to account for it, and wonders what she meant? What a frown it was! That girl has a notion of keeping people in order.

The subject must be changed, evidently; and so, "How much sooner does it become dark here than in the south, should you say?" inquires Captain Blount.

"An hour, is it not, mamma? But this is the darkest day we have had. Of course it is; this is the 21st, the shortest day."

"Glorious December weather! You should have been with us to-day, Lady Graeme; such a sight from the hill —"

"Only you were talking so fast to papa that you had no time to look at it."

Oh, Miss Betty! a little of the Beatrix peeped out then.

Well, Sir Charles is delightful company; he never met any one so charming, he — and in the middle of the pene-gyric the object of it pokes his head in at the window.

"Well, here we are, here we are! You did not expect us back so soon, eh, Janet? No more sport though, Blount. At least Arthur and I had none; the boys ran down that wounded buck, however. He did not go far. That makes four in all; two to me, and one to each of you. We'll have them brought round for mamma to see."

Apparently he forgets that some one else may not care for the spectacle; but Bee remains behind, and mamma cheerfully acquiesces, leaves her comfortable corner, and goes out into the chilly air, to take all the interest she can in the accounts of the chase, and hear her lord descant upon the spoil.

Arthur comes into the drawing-room rather sully, and inclined to be ashamed of himself; which state of feeling is not improved by finding the other two so comfortably ensconced by the fire, and nothing but empty cups standing about.

There never was such a house! Anywhere else there would have been a second tea waiting! The room is like an oven with that great furnace of a fire! Why did not Bee — and he jangles the bell with a peal that will be instantly recognized as his below stairs — why did she not give proper orders?

No thanks to Bee; but at this moment the door opens, and the second tea is triumphantly displayed by Duncan.

Duncan had heard the party returning afar off, and guessed what the captain would want.

The stranger should see that everything was done in style at Castle Graeme.

Alas! it is lost on Harry; he only feels the relief of Arthur's silence, and his sitting down instead of fuming about the room.

Bee wonders why it is always before other people that Arthur shows to such disadvantage: he can be pleasant enough when they are alone; but whenever any one is there, it seems as if he tried to make himself disagreeable.

She has no idea, poor little woman, that the same effort, otherwise directed, robs her, too, of half her attractiveness.

She sees it plainly in Arthur; he is sometimes vaguely provoked with the same in her: but neither recognizes the root of the evil.

Thus Betty has been so unaffectedly

charming throughout the day, that it is a sad pity she resolves upon being so in the evening.

She is asked to sing, and complies; but, with much turning over of her portfolio, chooses an Italian air, suitable for a powerful and accomplished soprano.

Bee's voice is low, and naturally sweet, and the boys like to hear it. One of them has eagerly demanded "Huntingtower," and another begs for the pathetic "When we two parted;" but she prefers "*La Fioraja*," — and accordingly there is a dead silence at the close, broken only by the most lukewarm of murmurs from Captain Blount.

Harry's correct ear is vexed by the performance, and Lady Graeme would rather have seen Beatrix do as her brothers asked her.

"Now, old fellow, it is your turn."

Oh, if Captain Blount will! She was only turning over the pages, had not fixed on anything, but perhaps she could play his accompaniment?

"Not a bit of it; he plays his own. Go ahead, Harry. Don't be modest, Harry. Give us 'Bid me — Bid me —' What is it again?"

"Bid me discourse?" tries old-fashioned Miss Williams, whom no amount of bidding in that direction would have the slightest effect upon.

"Ay, that's it. Bid me discourse upon the lady, you know, Harry. Blue and violet eyes, and all the rest of it."

Harry knows well enough, sits down, and begins to trolly out in a rich easy baritone —

Bid me not the lady praise,  
Who hath joined vows with mine —

Go and find a maiden free,  
For my love hath promised me.

The three boys cluster round him, their six eyes fixed upon his face, mute and deeply attentive.

At the close each heaves a deep sigh, and Tom breaks out with enthusiasm, "That *was* jolly!"

Then they relapse into silence again, waiting for more, and so does every one else in the room.

What arms the soldier for the field?

sings Harry melodiously —

'Tis love impels him on,  
By love his fields are won,  
For truest love with courage ever is united.

Their rapt attention, their wonder-stricken faces so close to his! The singer

can hardly proceed, but finds it very pleasant flattery nevertheless.

More, more, they must have more. He is to go on till they tell him to stop. His young tyrants grow quite clamorous between whiles, but instantly hush, and hold their breaths during the performance.

Arthur regards the group with favour. He asked for the song, and it is his friend who is showing off so finely; but poor Bee is altogether out in the cold.

No one wants any more "*La Fioraja's*;" and though Captain Blount does insist on getting off the music-stool at last, and politely begs that she will take his place, she can hardly comply with a request so little urgent.

For the present, at all events, her star has set with the brotherhood.

They only await her negative, and again seize their victim.

Harry good-naturedly racks his brains for old English, Scotch, and Irish ditties, to please them, till they are reluctantly forced off to bed.

"Thank you, sir," says little Charlie, putting out his hand; on which the other two say, "Thank you, sir," likewise.

"And I say, you'll give us some more to-morrow, won't you?" adds Tom.

"That was really *very* nice!" Who would have believed it possible? There is the old laird actually wide-awake in his big arm-chair, and with folded hands listening all the time.

"Hum, hum, hum, hum," he echoes. He used to sing himself in his young days.

Lady Graeme and Miss Williams are both pleasantly grateful. Arthur applauds graciously. Bee is the only one who has nothing to say, no remark to make. She is very deeply engaged with her embroidery, and finds the wools so difficult to shade by candle-light, that she has no eyes for anything beyond them.

Harry's reflections afterwards: "She was put out, I suppose: but I can't help it. I can't stand hearing those things murdered, and that shake! Girls ought never to attempt anything beyond a ballad, and I doubt if she could accomplish that. But I am afraid I was rather bad to her."

Bee's reflections: "I never, *never* will! After all the hours I have spent over it, and I thought I had got it right at last. Such an exhibition! If I had only done as the boys wanted! I know they hate that thing, and mamma said she was quite tired of hearing it over and over in the next room. How beautifully he sings! Oh dear!"

That night in her dreams there runs a soft refrain—

'Tis love impels him on,  
By love his fields are won.

And the voice of the singer is like that of Harry Blount.

Shooting, fishing, and singing. Harry finds the pleasant days fly only too fast.

He acknowledges a mistake with regard to Bee's musical attainments.

In quavering tones she goes through "Huntingtower" one evening, and he is quite surprised. With honest eagerness he begs another, and with genuine diffidence she complies. The encouragement, however, has steadied and strengthened her voice, and each word, a rare beauty, falls distinctly on the ear. What has such a singer to do with "*La Fio-  
raja*"? This is quite perfect in its way; and he is pleased, delighted, to acknowledge it.

And now one more?

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;  
Ae farewell! alas, forever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Stop, Bee, stop! This is all very well when you have only four insensate brothers round you, listening to the strains; but it is too bad, it is not fair, to set other pulses throbbing, other veins tingling thus!

For poor Harry is susceptible to the slightest touch of music, and he is hanging over the piano with his head down; and who can tell what havoc may be begun by those simple, tender, passionate words?

Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

"Thank you."

The same that was said after the Italian flourish, but now in what a different tone! And when she rises, amidst a shower of hearty plaudits from the farther end of the room, Harry's head is still down on the piano, and he does not stir.

Now he must do his part.

He is not in the mood; he begs her to go on. No, indeed—every one is waiting for him; hers is not worth listening to: he must, indeed.

Will she play for him, then?

Certainly, if he wishes. Yes, here is one whose accompaniment he has almost forgotten; and he puts it before her, and she plays; while he leans over her and

sings, inhaling the faint sweet scent of the tea-rose in her hair—till, all at once, Lady Graeme thinks she has had enough of this.

"Arthur," says his mother, carelessly, that evening, "how long does Captain Blount propose staying with us? Have you any idea?"

"Oh, he'll stay as long as we want him, mother. Some time next week, I dare say. He seems quite contented."

So she thinks.

A word with Sir Charles next. "Is there any need for those young men always coming into the drawing-room in the afternoons? Can they not amuse themselves in some other way?"

"Well, they can't shoot, my dear, if you mean that. It is quite too dark after four or half past four now. A pretty state of mind you would be in if they tried it!"

"But there is the boys' room; why do they not find something to do there?"

"Ay, why don't they? Ask them. I am sure I have no objection; they may go where they like for me. If they took my advice, they would clean their guns, and that would be something for them to do. I never gave a gun to a keeper yet."

"Well, tell them so yourself."

"I have told them. I have told Arthur scores of times; but he is too fine a gentleman nowadays. Blount would do his fast enough; but I can't say anything to him, or it would look as if I grudged him the man's time."

Well, strange to say, they do not appear at tea that afternoon, and there is a grand uproar going on in the boys' den.

Lady Graeme is quite satisfied. Bee went by to the garden with her basket and scissors some little time ago; there is little to be got in the greenhouse now but chrysanthemums; that yellow rose was the last, and the bouquets for the boys' button-holes on Christmas day finished off the geraniums: still she must try to get something.

A deplorable-looking greenhouse indeed! "I am glad Arthur is not here to see," thinks his sister. "He would be cross with Anderson. Certainly Anderson might manage better. Not a shred upon this poor modestum, and only that one solitary fuchsia! It is rather hard when we have such good houses; they ought to be hotter, I am sure. I suspect Anderson stints the coals, or lets the fires out at night; there is something wrong," concludes the shrewd little lady. "I shall look into this, Mr. Anderson."

Snip, snip go the chrysanthemums.

"Hollo, Bee! making havoc among the preserves here, are you? Harry says he has never seen the garden. Come in, Harry; don't knock against the wall: not much to be seen, is there? *I say!* Not much! I don't believe there is anything!"

"I have been cutting a good many lately, Arthur, indeed I have. We looked quite gay a few weeks ago."

"Of course, when the flowers are out everywhere."

"We have had the pleasure of them indoors—in more ways than one," says Harry, softly.

"Well, come along." Arthur is in advance. "Here are the grapes, at all events. They are not gone, and that's a blessing. Have some? Here, I'll catch this bunch, and we'll divide it. Come in here, Bee."

"But I want some more flowers, and some ferns."

"Come here first, and we'll help you afterwards."

They do help, each after his fashion: Arthur sits smoking on a hot pipe; while Blount dutifully goes the round, scissors in hand, with the greatest interest and most absorbing care, selecting leaves, and stems, and fronds of fern.

Is there not one little bit for himself?

No, not a bit, not an atom.

Just one tiny fern?

He would not care for that.

Yes, he would—if she gave it him.

Arthur.—"Well, I say, you ought to have got a roomful by this time. Is that all you have to show for it?"

Shall they go through the back settlements?

Bee goes too, as a matter of course; and fancy poor Lady Graeme's feelings when, long after this, she sees the three coming in together, taking their utmost ease.

To make matters worse, it is so late that she has gone up to her room to dress, and there is no possibility of going down again. She hears the party go into the great fire-lit drawing-room, and is powerless to do anything beyond sending down her maid to warn Miss Graeme how late it is.

Miss Graeme catches the maid, and sends her for water for the flowers; and of course they are all late for dinner—and Bee, latest of all, is as innocent as a lamb.

"I had to arrange the flowers, mamma, after I came in."

What can mamma say?

Some more guests are expected to arrive the next day, and Bee will have to entertain them; she will no longer be the only young woman of the party, and it is hardly possible that she should see so much of Captain Blount as she has done lately.

Lady Graeme likes Harry, you understand, and is not in the least anxious to be rid of him on her own account; but she has a wholesome horror of flirting young officers, and she fancies there is something, a very slight something, of this sort between him and Beatrix.

No blame attaches to Bee.

She was never in her life more free from that manner which distresses her mother so much, only she is quiet, very quiet, and absent, too, sometimes—it would be as well, perhaps, if Arthur would find out, without any breach of hospitality. Blount has been with them nearly a fortnight—would he?

No, Arthur can't; and, what's more, he won't. What does she want Harry away for? There never was a fellow who gave less trouble in a house, and they might be thankful to have him to amuse those other people who were coming. Just when they have got together rather a nice party, she wants to break it up. It is always the way with any friend of his.

He is vociferating this at the top of his voice, when the door opens and Bee comes in.

In spite of herself, his mother makes an attempt to stop him, but in vain.

He appeals to Beatrix. "Look here, Betty, isn't it too bad? Here is mamma wanting me to send Harry off, just when he is beginning to enjoy himself. It was precious slow for him when he first came; and now, just when he will have those girls to talk to, he is to be shunted without ceremony."

"My dear, I never thought of such a thing!" cries the poor lady in her vexation. "I would not on any account have it breathed to him. It was only if Arthur had any way of finding out—Macky—the room,—oh, no matter in the least, Arthur, my dear; say no more about it."

Bee says never a word.

The Cathcarts, the Malcolms, and divers other waifs and strays, are to be with them that day. Fires are blazing in the rooms along the gallery, and Macky bustles about with her blankets and towels, and busy important face.

"Miss Bee, there's oysters wanted."

"I can't get them, Macky; it's too late—the tide is over the bed long ago."

"It will be oot in the mornin'."

"I can't go to-morrow. How *can* I?"

"Weel, ye ken, ye'll let naeboddy gang but yersel'; and 'deed, there's nane kens whaur it is."

"The boys do; can't one of them go?"

"Oh ay, they'll *say* they will; and when the time comes, there's something else, an' they'll be angered if I say a word. Aweel, ye maun want them then; and there'll be nae soup to the dinner, an' the captain 'll no' be pleased. Hoots! ye might gang afore breakfast, an' whae's to ken?"

Miss Bee ponders.

"Whae's to ken?" The old woman knows her weak point, and directly appeals to it. If nobody knew, she could go well enough before breakfast; the tide will be out then, and the bed soon uncovered. She could be back before any of their guests were stirring.

The boys would help if they knew, but they would also most certainly betray her. She had best go alone.

It is barely light ere she is on the shore, enjoying with all her heart the clear, keen, salt-laden air; the ripple of the flowing tide; the wild, weird sunrise on the hills.

There is no time to lose, for the water is coming in; but her oyster-bed is bare, and there lie the rough, many-tinted shells on their backs, and sides, and faces — a goodly sight in the eyes of the young fisher-woman.

Not the very largest, nor yet those too small, does she choose.

Here is a couple adhering back to back — "twenty-eight, twenty-nine," they count for; one with an empty fellow to it still holding on, makes thirty; three smooth, uninteresting, irreproachable specimens are respectively thirty-one, two, and three, and she pauses to consider how many more will be required.

A step upon the sands.

Captain Blount!

One by one the oysters fall in a slow stream out of the net, and make a little heap below. The net itself sinks upon the seaweed. Beatrix stands motionless, turned to stone.

What miserable chance has brought him there? Is it a chance at all? Has he seen her? Did he follow her?

Yes, in the easiest fashion, he observes, that having seen her start with her net, he guessed where she was bound for, and thought he might be of use.

Where are her brothers? Lazy fellows! could none of them have got up

to help her? It is delightful, nothing could be pleasanter, as she had often told him.

Told him? Yes; and promised to show him the bed too: of late she has dropped all desire to be "fine" with Harry; but to come upon her thus!

Sooth to tell, Bee is rather an odd figure.

A rough serge petticoat; an old frayed and stained plaid wound closely round her; a felt hat, which has buffeted through many a winter, and which is now pulled down over her ears,—these make up her attire.

But it is not altogether of this that Bee is thinking. He will make her late—they may be seen—and what would be thought of such conduct?

She must make the best of it, and hurry home.

She is much obliged to him for coming; he will be of great use. Will he kindly pick up the oysters? Very grave all the time—not a smile upon her face. Harry begins to feel he has made a mistake.

"So this is the oyster-bed? What a famous idea it is! nobody could possibly discover it unless they knew beforehand. But do you never lose it yourself?"

"I can't go wrong, because even when it is high water there are landmarks. We sometimes come in the boat."

"And you gathered them all yourself?"

"All of this set. Thank you. Oh, never mind those; we have quite enough now."

"Some of these are not so large as those under the rock."

Of course not—she knows that as well as he does. Why *will* he not be quicker?

Will she not show him where the bank is? She cannot,—it is round that point; they have no time. May he not help her over the rocks? She will get along best alone.

Harry submissively shoulders the net, and they pick their way along almost in silence.

Bee is dreadfully fretted. She cannot imagine how it has grown so late, would have run had she been alone, and has neither eyes nor ears for her companion.

It is nine o'clock now, and even though they do go through the shrubbery, and creep in at the garden-door, there are chances innumerable that they will meet some one.

Harry is lost in thought. Their pace grows faster and faster, and through the woodland path they hurry as if pursued by demons; but though it is Beatrix who

is out of breath, it is Blount's heart that is beating.

"Miss Graeme, is there any very urgent reason for this haste?"

Urgent, indeed! What would the man have? Her appearance, her oysters, above all, his company — she is boiling over with indignation.

"Can we not stop to rest here for a moment?"

Oh yes, he is very welcome to stop — she would prefer to go on herself; but she begs he will do as he likes: his hesitating manner and preoccupied voice is the last drop in her cup of wrath.

"We are about as late as we can be, that's all."

"Then if we are late we need not try to be in time," philosophically. "Sir Charles is punctual to a minute, and there is the prayer-bell."

"I knew it!"

"You will still go in?"

Still go in! Beatrix absolutely stares at him.

He is not looking at her, his eyes are on the ground. "Because," he says, very quietly, "I am going away to-day."

"Oh!"

"I thought you were going — with Arthur — to look for wild-duck?" Bee goes on, after a moment.

"I thought so too, till this morning; but my plans are changed. I must ask him to send me over to Striven in the dog-cart."

"Yes, that is the best way. You will have a charming drive — take care of the oysters — it is through the most beautiful part of the country."

"So I hear. Beatrix, can you not understand me?"

"Not at all, Captain Blount."

Head in air, she marches forward, up the steps to the garden entrance, along the gallery with a rush, and, like Godiva of old, unseen she has regained her sanctuary.

Now, what of poor deserted Harry?

"I shall have to go," he reflects. "As usual, I have put my foot in it. If I had only given her time! I think she likes me somehow, but it looks odd. That she saw it was coming is certain, and did her best to stop it. Oh, confound these oysters! What am I to do with them? I don't know what to suppose; and she is such a — she has bewitched me, I think! If I had only made off last week! I was a fool to stay on like this. Here, George, take this, please." And Captain Blount joins the breakfast-party.

Many others are late besides Bee, and no one can remark upon it.

She slips in at last, comes up to kiss her mother from behind, and gives a generally cheerful "Good-morning," all round.

Harry gives her one look. "Oho, my little Betty!" says he to himself, "this alters the aspect of things altogether."

For all the cold-water douching and eau-de-Cologne applications in the world cannot hide from him that tell-tale flush over the eyebrows.

She waited as long as she dared, poor child, and thought, felt certain, there were no traces left; but are there ever no traces when one has the clue to look for them?

Harry is as merry as a cricket down at his end of the table after this discovery, and he and Arthur start the moment after breakfast in the pursuit of the wild-duck.

Beatrix dares not ask any one about that dogcart.

No orders have been given, she sees that; it is possible that Sir Charles has stopped him, that he has been prevailed on by the outcry of the boys.

Harry, you see, is a favourite wherever he goes.

Arthur may brag to his regiment of Castle Graeme, and to his family at Castle Graeme of his friends in the regiment, but no one thinks a bit the better of him. His airs, speeches, side-hints, take nobody in. If he would really gain popularity, the hearts of men and women, he must take a lesson from his friend.

"He is the best company for Arthur that can be," Lady Graeme acknowledges at last.

"He is the most humble fellow I ever met!" exclaimed Sir Charles.

"So natural!" says she.

"So unassuming!" says he.

"And you never hear him tell a good thing of himself," further cries Sir Charles.

"And when Arthur tries to trot him out, he just looks annoyed, though he is so good-natured. Who would have believed that Arthur's swell guardsman would have turned out such a simple creature!"

Bee was not present during this little episode; but she knows with what a kindly eye her father regards Harry, and he is going to stay, that is evident. Is there any hope, then?

"I did *not* know what he meant, and I don't choose to be spoken to in that way, and — and altogether!" cries poor Betty in her impatient heart. "But I need not have run away from him exactly, perhaps. It was too provoking. I might just have

waited a moment, and yet shown that I was angry too. I am always so silly whenever I try to be dignified. Of course if he was thinking of *that*, he was not likely to remember the oysters, and my hat, and all those stupid things. I wish I had stayed."

Entertaining the visitors is very hard on poor Bee this day.

The sportsmen do not come in till quite late — indeed, till the party are reassembling in evening attire.

They have had a six-mile drive home, and have shot three couple.

Dinner is announced as Blount walks in; and Lady Graeme is disconcerted, and the Miss Malcolms highly aggrieved, for he stalks straight along the middle of the room, without looking to right or to left, and offers his arm to Beatrix.

The previous evening he had been told to take in Miss Malcolm, and it might be supposed he would of himself know to do the same again.

Bee was sitting on the settee in the far-off window. With downcast eyes she takes the offered arm, dares not look at her mother or at any one as she passes, but follows mutely her father and Lady Susan Cathcart out of the room.

Such an unprecedented arrangement can have only one meaning in the Miss Malcolms' eyes. If it has gone as far as that, they have nothing to say; and recovering themselves, good-humouredly take each other in, after Major Cathcart and Mrs. Malcolm, Mr. Crichton-Blair and Miss Williams.

Arthur makes abundant compensation to his two fair neighbours as soon as he appears; the other delinquents pop into their places as the soup goes round, and the New Year's day dinner-party is the liveliest that can be imagined.

This is what Harry had reckoned upon.

He has Bee all to himself now; and though not a word of import has passed between them, she knows, and feels that he knows too, that the victory is his.

The decorations? Oh yes; they are going to put them up to-night; the boys have been cutting out turnip-lanterns for the shrubbery, and the evergreens are in the outer hall now.

He may help, may he not? They will all help; they always do.

So in they all go among the piles of green — Bee first, with Charlotte and Lizzie on each side of her, Arthur, Blount, Jack, Tom, Charlie, and a young Cathcart following.

The first thing to be done is to tie the

strings, next to select the boughs, then to hang them.

It is not particularly well done. Anderson and two of his men would do the whole far better in half an hour; but that is not the thing.

They enjoy it. The girls like trotting backwards and forwards, pricking their soft fingers, and tearing their fragile garments; the boys like standing on ladders and ordering about the pretty slaves.

All but Harry.

Harry has not mounted a step; but he and Beatrix have created a wonderful and complicated work of art in the bow-window, with which they will allow no one to interfere.

"Ah!" cries she, with a start.

"Let me see." He takes her hand. It was nothing but a holly-prick; but ere she can withdraw it, he has stooped forward and left another touch there.

Little Bee, do you understand *now*?

"My dear, I had no idea he was in earnest. Of course, if you and papa approve; but remember he is almost a stranger to us, and she is such a child — she has seen nothing of the world."

"If she were to see the world till she was fifty, mamma, she would never see a better fellow."

"That was not what I meant, dear Arthur. I have nothing in the world to say against him; I could only have wished, poor dear, that she were a little older, and had had some sort of experience."

"She would never get that down here, and she may as well get it under Harry's wing as any one's; *he* has had plenty, at any rate."

Yes, there is hope in that, and truth too. "Mamma," continues Arthur very seriously, and as if he had not said the same thing many times before, "can't you see what a good fellow Harry is? None of our fellows are like him: and he will be the very making of Bee, I know; for sometimes — he makes me — ashamed of myself."

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

AMONG the men of letters who have made the reign of the "good Queen Anne" (good perhaps, but dull certainly) so famous in our annals, it is remarkable that Pope alone can be said to have wholly dedicated his life to literature. For him

there was no meaning in life apart from poetry, and the noble fame which poetry brought with it. His wretched physical condition and his proscribed creed were dead against him in the race for preferment and popularity. In his body he was one of the feeblest of men, so helpless that he had to be dressed by a servant, so much of a cripple that his enemies, with the gross lack of good feeling frequently displayed in that age, sneered at him as a hunchback. But Pope possessed invincible courage, and knowing well his powers, and seeing that there was but one road open to him, resolved to rise in it above all competitors. With his poetical contemporaries, on the other hand, literature, although in some cases heartily appreciated, was used as a means rather than an end. It was the ladder by which they hoped to ascend to competence or fortune, not the goal towards which they directed their most wistful glances. In those days the first rungs of this ladder were usually climbed by verse-making. Addison, who is probably the only writer that ever gained an official post by a simile, having compared Marlborough's "mighty soul" at Blenheim to an angel who

— pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform  
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm,

advanced a conqueror himself, from one position to another until he reached his highest elevation as secretary of state; Tickell, who also gained place by his verses, was under-secretary. Steele held three or four offices, and had no one but himself to blame for his pecuniary misfortunes. Congreve, thanks to the "Old Bachelor," received from government an income of twelve hundred a year, and was supposed at least to perform certain duties in return. Yalden and Atterbury were successively bishops of Rochester. John Hughes, whose friendship with Addison does him far more honour than his verses, was secretary to the commissions of the peace; Rowe, the author of "Jane Shore" and "The Fair Penitent," held for three years of Anne's reign the post of under-secretary, and at the accession of George I. was made one of the land surveyors of the port of London, and clerk to the council of the Prince of Wales. Nor was this all, for the lord chancellor Parker, "as soon as he received the seals, appointed him, unasked, secretary of the presentations." Swift, the most robust intellect of the age, was also the most neglected. His position was as strange as his genius was

extraordinary. During the administration of Harley and St. John he was probably the most influential man in the country. Those ministers treated him as their intimate friend, called him by his Christian name, made abundant use of his marvellous ability, and at last, as a reward for his services, sent him into exile to live on the income of a poor Irish deanery. But Swift, unfortunately for his prospects of advancement, was a clergyman, and the queen's repugnance to the author of "The Tale of a Tub" was too invincible to be overcome. Although Swift, in telling Stella of his promotion, says he is less out of humour than she would imagine, he finds it difficult to conceal his disgust. "I confess," he wrote, "I thought the ministry would not let me go, but perhaps they can't help it." This was no doubt the case. Swift could push the fortunes of other people, but not his own, and it is not to be wondered at that so respectably pious a queen as Anne should have disliked the author of what she must have regarded as a profane book, a book, too, the wit of which she was quite unable to appreciate. It was thus that Swift missed the preferment attained by almost all his literary contemporaries, whether clergymen or laymen, and no doubt Mr. Henry Morley is right in saying that if the dean had not written "The Tale of a Tub" he would have died a bishop.

Perhaps in all that circle of wits there was no man whose advancement from a low estate to high official honours was more signal than that of Matthew Prior. He was, indeed, apart from his literary gifts, a man of considerable ability, ready with speech as with pen. His address must have been winning, his skill as a diplomatist considerable, and his general culture entitled him to respect at a time when even statesmen were very partially educated, and when one of the reasons given for making St. John secretary of state was, that he was the only person about the court who understood French. Men of what we are accustomed to call low origin have always been able to rise in England, since, notwithstanding our class distinctions, the field for determination and genius is a wide one, in a free country. Matthew Prior, or "Mat Prior," as he was familiarly called by his associates, came of so obscure an origin that his birthplace, like that of Congreve, is open to conjecture. He was born in 1664, and placed by his uncle, a tavern-keeper near Charing Cross, at Westminster School, then under the charge of the re-

nowned Dr. Busby. Samuel Prior's tavern appears to have been frequented by the nobility, and there the young scholar and poet was discovered by the Earl of Dorset, reading Horace. Lord Dorset, himself a small poet and a splendid patron of poets, was afterwards praised by Prior in language which may have been sincere, but which to modern ears sounds ridiculously extravagant. "The manner in which the earl wrote," he says, "will hardly ever be equalled; every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author; his verses have a lustre like the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes; his love-poems convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus; his satire is so severely pointed that in it he appears what his great friend the Earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was —

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd muse.

Yet so far was this great author from valuing himself upon his works that he cared not what became of them, though everybody else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which, like the verses and sayings of the ancient Druids, retain an universal veneration, though they are preserved only by memory." Moreover his virtues, according to his panegyrist, were as conspicuous as his genius; he was the model of all that is great and noble; and for his charity, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself. That Prior, like Dryden, should have absurdly praised the man who had done his best to serve him was in accordance with the taste of the age, and the poet who found a patron was bound to render him such return as a poet best could. Prior was transferred by his munificent friend from the "Rummer Tavern" to St. John's College, Cambridge, where a far greater poet gained, a hundred years later, such education as a university could impart to a Wordsworth. One of his first literary efforts at the university was in conjunction with an acquaintance whose advancement in the State was destined to be yet more distinguished than his own. In 1687 John Dryden, who had discovered the truth of the Roman Catholic faith soon after the accession of a Roman Catholic king, published his famous poem "The Hind and the Panther." It called forth a number of replies, both serious and burlesque, of which one only, entitled "The

Country Mouse and the City Mouse," written by Charles Montague and Matthew Prior, can be said to have survived. Montague was the son of a younger son of a nobleman, and, like Prior, was educated under Busby. The two Westminster boys went to Cambridge in the same year, and the good fortune of Montague, like that of his friend, appears to have been due in the first instance to a knack of verse-making. To call him a poet would be as absurd as to call an organ-grinder a musician, but his lines on the death of King Charles started him on the road to fortune. He was born for the House of Commons, and once there, as Macaulay observes, his life during some years was a series of triumphs. "At thirty he would gladly have given all his chances in life for a comfortable vicarage and a chaplain's scarf. At thirty-seven he was first lord of the treasury, chancellor of the exchequer, and a regent of the kingdom."

Prior, who knew that as a poet he was beyond comparison superior to Montague, and that even of this parody the best part was his work, grumbled at the speedy promotion of his literary partner. But his own advancement was at hand. In 1691 he was appointed secretary to the embassy which joined the congress at the Hague, and afterwards received the post of gentleman of the bedchamber to King William. When Mary died he wrote an elegy on her death, addressed to the king in an exhausting number of stanzas. It is after the manner of such loyal poems, and no doubt Dr. Johnson is right in his conjecture that William never read it, for Prior himself complains that the king did not understand poetical eulogy. If he had read this threnody he would have learnt that he was the sun whose auspicious light could alone give joy to the mourning nations, and whose sublime meridian course must atone for Mary's setting rays; that half of him was deified before his death; that from Mary's glory angels trace the beauty of her partner's soul; and how, to quote the final stanza —

Alone to thy renown 'tis given  
Unbounded through all worlds to go:  
While she, great saint, rejoices Heaven;  
And thou sustain'st the orb below.

It seems impossible to conceive that any one, whether king or commoner, would care to read a mechanical piece of verse like this, but such poems were then the fashion, and were written and endured, no doubt, simply because they were fash-

ionable. Prior, a courtier by nature, never lost an opportunity of discovering and celebrating kingly virtues, and his "*Carmen Seculare*," a poem published five years later, "one of his longest and most splendid compositions," according to Dr. Johnson's verdict, is perhaps as good a specimen as the age could show of encomiastic verse. But it is a dreary specimen notwithstanding.

Biography was an art little practised in Prior's time, and the characteristic details handed down to us respecting the poet's official life are comparatively few and insignificant. What there are, however, will be worth recording, for they show that he filled the posts assigned to him with dignity and tact. In 1697 Prior was appointed secretary to the English negotiators at the Treaty of Ryswick, the conclusion of which caused such abounding joy in England. The same year he was nominated principal secretary of state in Ireland, and in 1698 he was secretary to the embassy in France under the Earl of Portland and the Earl of Jersey. Lord Macaulay has described this embassy, "the most magnificent that England had ever sent to any foreign court," with his accustomed wealth of detail and picturesque of style. The passage referring to Prior, however familiar, deserves to be transcribed, since it is impossible to relate the anecdotes contained in it more briefly or in such felicitous language:—

"Prior was secretary of legation. His quick parts, his industry, his politeness, and his perfect knowledge of the French language marked him out as eminently fitted for diplomatic employment. He had, however, found much difficulty in overcoming an odd prejudice which his chief had conceived against him. Portland, with good natural abilities and great expertness in business, was no scholar. He had probably never read an English book; but he had a general notion, unhappily but too well founded, that the wits and poets, who congregated at Will's, were a most profane and licentious set; and being himself a man of orthodox opinions and regular life, he was not disposed to give his confidence to one whom he supposed to be a ribald scoffer. Prior, with much address, and, perhaps, with the help of a little hypocrisy, completely removed this unfavourable impression. He talked on serious subjects seriously, quoted the New Testament appositely, vindicated Hammond from the charge of Popery, and, by way of a decisive blow, gave the definition of a true Church from the nine-

teenth article. Portland stared at him. 'I am glad, Mr. Prior, to find you so good a Christian. I was afraid you were an atheist.' 'An atheist, my good lord?' cried Prior. 'What could lead your lordship to entertain such a suspicion?' 'Why,' said Portland, 'I knew that you were a poet, and I took it for granted that you did not believe in God.' 'My lord,' said the wit, 'you do us poets the greatest injustice. Of all people we are farthest from atheism. For the atheists do not even worship the true God whom the rest of mankind acknowledge; and we are always invoking and hymning false gods whom everybody else has renounced.' This jest will be perfectly intelligible to all who remember the eternally recurring allusions to Venus and Minerva, Mars, Cupid, and Apollo, which were meant to be the ornaments, and are the blemishes, of Prior's compositions. But Portland was much puzzled. However, he declared himself satisfied; and the young diplomatist withdrew, laughing to think with how little learning a man may shine in courts, lead armies, negotiate treaties, obtain a coronet and a garter, and leave a fortune of half a million."

Prior's wit and readiness of repartee were not always exercised on men as thick-headed as Portland, and it was during this residence in Paris that he received attentions from distinguished Frenchmen like the Prince of Condé and Bossuet. Then, too, it was that on seeing at Versailles the pictures painted by Le Brun to commemorate the victories of Louis XIV., he was asked whether King William's palace was similarly adorned, and made the famous reply, "The monuments of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house." At all times and in all places the poet proved himself a distinguished courtier, and his conversation and manners were warmly praised by the French king, "a circumstance," says Macaulay, "which will be thought remarkable when it is remembered that his Majesty was an excellent model and an excellent judge of gentlemanlike deportment, and that Prior had passed his boyhood in drawing corks at a tavern, and his early manhood in the seclusion of a college."

It has been said, on grounds that will scarcely bear examination, that he was not a good man of business. Pope says Prior was nothing out of verse, but then Pope disliked Prior. Swift, a far better judge, writes highly of his abilities in the management of affairs, and Lord Boling-

broke, addressing Queen Anne, states that Prior is "the best versed in matters of trade of all your Majesty's servants," a remark which it is probable Lord Macaulay had in his mind when he observes that, like Montague, Prior was distinguished by an intimate knowledge of trade and finance. That King William, who cared not a jot for literature, and was, therefore, not likely to be prejudiced in Prior's favour in consequence of his genius as a poet, did thoroughly confide in him, is a strong proof of his qualifications as a man of affairs. Another proof is to be found in the fact that in the year after the French embassy, Prior, having served for a time as under-secretary of state, was made commissioner of trade. In 1701 he was elected member for East Grinstead. Three years later, when Harley became secretary of state, and St. John, who, according to Swift, was much the greatest commoner in England, secretary at war, Prior, like his friend Swift, some years later, joined the Tory party, and lent his wit to the support of his new associates. Some years passed, of which, so far as concerns Prior, we have no record, but in 1711 he was privately appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of France in order to negotiate a peace. "Prior," writes Swift to Stella, "has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where." Yet he conjectures he had been to France. In a letter to Queen Anne King Louis writes, "I shall expect with impatience the return of Mr. Prior, whose conduct is very agreeable to me." In 1712 the treaty-maker went again to Paris as ambassador, and remained there until the death of the queen and a change of ministry reduced him to a private station. In France in the present day a statesman or politician whose conduct has ceased to be approved is in danger of imprisonment or exile; in England a century and a half ago a public man, on the fall of his party, was liable to a similar punishment. Soon after the accession of George I. the Whig ministers took proceedings against all concerned in the Peace of Utrecht, and when Prior arrived in England in the spring of 1715 he was subject to what he calls a "wild examination" before a committee of the Privy Council. Great caution was needed on his part if it be true, as he says, that the committee endeavoured to extort evidence from him which would bring his friends to the scaffold, but Prior, according to his own narrative, was equal to the emergency. The examination lasted a

week, and the ex-ambassador was then ordered into close custody. Two years, of which we have no record, were spent in prison. In 1717, when an act of grace was passed, Prior was excluded from it, but he obtained his discharge shortly afterwards, and in the following year produced by subscription a folio edition of his poems, published in splendid style by Tonson. In the long list of titled subscribers, of dukes and earls, of lords and bishops, it is pleasant to read the names of Pope and Steele, of Gay and Swift. The dean, careful though he was about expenditure, took five copies, which must have cost him ten guineas. The poet spent the rest of his days in the country, and died at Wimpole, a seat of the Earl of Oxford, in 1721, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, under a ponderous Latin epitaph, for which, including the monument, he left 500*l.* in his will.

It was quite possible in the last century, as it had been in the Elizabethan age, for men of considerable mark in politics or literature to pass off the scene without the danger so common in our time of being done to death again in a biography. To edify us in these garrulous days, two, three, or even four volumes are often dedicated to the memory of third-rate men and women; in Queen Anne's age a writer or statesman of first-rate eminence was generally dismissed with a memoir that would now be considered brief in a biographical dictionary. It was not that writers possessed in those days, any more than in these, "the talent of silence," but that their communicative power was exercised in other channels.

Prior was distinguished as an ambassador and poet, and yet our knowledge of him, and especially "of his behaviour in the lighter parts of life," is very slight indeed. For some years Swift and Prior were constantly together, and in the journal to Stella Prior's name is mentioned more than fifty times. The writer was a great satirist as well as one of the shrewdest observers that ever lived, yet to Prior's character, to his manners, even to his personal appearance, we find only the most incidental allusions. It may be worth while, however, to glean a few grains from this field. No doubt, like all poets, Prior loved praise. "He was damped," says Swift on one occasion, "until I stuffed him with two or three compliments;" at another time he writes, "Prior and I sat on, when we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mental wit

and poetry." Then we learn that Prior was always a good courtier, and was always mindful to attend the lord treasurer's dinners. Drinking, says his friend, will not do with Prior's lean carcase. Even statesmen were not ashamed to get drunk in those days, and men with weakly constitutions suffered accordingly. Swift observes that Prior had generally a cough, which he called a cold, and, in allusion to their frequent walks round the Park, he adds, "This walking is a strange remedy. Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat, and I to bring myself down." Men of letters in that Augustan age seem to have avoided matrimony. Swift and Pope, Thomson and Gay, Congreve and Fenton, were bachelors, and the few who did marry were either, like Addison, unfortunate in their choice, or, like Parnell, in the brief duration of their happiness. Prior, who was also a bachelor, lived the careless and licentious life of a man about town, and the female companionship he selected for himself was of the coarsest description. He was member of the Kit Cat Club and of the famous Brother's Club, started by St. John for the "improvement of friendship and the encouragement of letters." But although living as the associate and equal of noblemen and statesmen, his tastes were unrefined, and it is stated that after spending an evening with Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift, he would smoke a pipe and drink ale with a common soldier and his wife in Long Acre. This soldier died shortly before the poet, and Arbuthnot observes that Prior had a narrow escape by dying, since, had he lived, he would have married the widow. The truth is, there was no greatness in Prior, whether moral or intellectual. There is not in him even the robust masculine sense which in some men and some authors is a substitute for greatness. He could say fine things—it was he who said, and he deserves the praise of it, "I had rather be thought a good Englishman than the best poet or greatest scholar that ever wrote"—but his poetry, like his life, has no affinity with what we deem lofty and noble. Prior had ambition, as all men must have who lead a successful career, but he had no aspirations. He walked in the plain, and never breathed the pure invigorating air of the mountains. His philosophy, if he had any, was to make the best of life, and to take as his rule the Horatian maxim, "*Quid sit futurum cras fuge querere; et quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro appone.*" In his "Solomon" thought is called the worst

of evils, and he is constantly reiterating the sentiment that thought only serves to deepen the sadness of life:—

If we see right we see our woes;  
Then what avails it to have eyes?  
From ignorance our comfort flows;  
The only wretched are the wise.

In "Alma," a droll discourse on the seat of the soul, from which Voltaire has taken many ideas and much foulness,\* Prior makes his friend Richard say—

Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim  
To make me merrier than I am,  
I'll be all night at your devotion—  
Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion;  
But if you would depress my thought,  
Your wisdom is not worth a groat.

And the conclusion of the poem suggests that wisdom, since it makes one sad, is of little worth, and that the solace of the bottle is to be preferred to the sage maxims of philosophers. It is generally unsafe to attempt to supply, by the help of a poet's verse, the deficiencies of his biographer; but Prior frequently writes about himself in an easy colloquial strain, and if there be some jest in his song, there is also a considerable share of truth. There is a little piece, for instance, written at the Hague, that is drawn, no doubt, from the life, in which he describes himself as released from the cares of business, and driving

In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,  
On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right.

And when in a piece written for his own monument he says he was industrious and grave in public employments, and merry when alone with his friends, we may safely take the assurance for something more than a poetical fancy; for we know that he was to be trusted in official life, and we know also that he was a man eminently sociable, a great diner-out, a lover of good cheer, a maker of puns, and an entertaining companion. Men like Harley, Bolingbroke, and Swift would not have been attracted again and again to Prior's house if their host had not been agreeable. It is remarkable too that in that age of bitter animosities and coarse vituperation few words save those of kindness were uttered with regard to Prior. Pope said that he was "not a right good man," and for once in his life probably spoke the truth, since the courtly ambassador and brilliant poet practised low vices; †

\* M. Taine.

† It is but just to observe that John Wesley denies

but Prior, unlike Pope, appears to have proved himself sincere and faithful to his friends. His faults were like the faults of Tom Jones, and not like the faults of Blifil.

The reader of Prior's poetry will be struck by its variety, and this variety, according to Dr. Johnson, has made him popular. He began his poetical life by writing a burlesque; he ended by producing "Solomon," a long didactic poem, which, according to John Wesley, and to Hannah More who echoed his opinion, is one of the noblest poems in the English language, and which, in the estimation of that very remarkable critic the Rev. George Gilfillan, whose judgments on poetry are sometimes as amusing as a jest-book, contains in its touches of nature little inferior to Shakespeare. We fear that even these criticisms will not induce many readers nowadays to read "Solomon," a poem in three books, the whole of which is a soliloquy. It contains many fine passages, which are more like splendid rhetoric than poetry, and some exquisite absurdities, as, for example, when the Jewish king is made to prophesy the future greatness of Britain:—

From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,  
And rules an empire by no ocean bound;  
Knows her ships anchored, and her sails unfurled,

In other Indies and a second world.  
Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)  
Be first in conquest and preside in fame—

or when, in love with a beautiful woman, he declares that in her "jetty curls ten thousand Cupids played," or when an angel is sent to give him the sound but commonplace advice—

Now, Solomon, remembering who thou art,  
Act through thy remnant life the decent part.

All poetry save the highest has a tendency to go out of fashion, and there is

the report made by Spence and others with regard to Prior's licentiousness—a report which is in a measure confirmed by the looseness of his verses—and he adds the following curious statement with regard to the poet's Cloe. "Others say his Cloe was ideal. I know the contrary. I have heard my eldest brother say her name was Miss Taylor; that he knew her well; and that she once came to him (in Dean's Yard, Westminster) purposely to ask his advice. She told him, 'Sir, I know not what to do. Mr. Prior makes large professions of his love, but he never offers me marriage.' My brother advised her to bring the matter to a point at once. She went directly to Mr. Prior, and asked him plainly, 'Do you intend to marry me or no?' He said many soft and pretty things; on which she said, 'Sir, in refusing to answer, you do answer. I will see you no more.' And she did see him no more to the day of his death. But afterwards she spent many hours, standing, and weeping at his tomb in Westminster Abbey."

nothing sadder in the history of literature than the pages which illustrate the gradual oblivion of writers once famous and popular. When De Quincey observed that every age buries its own literature, he did but exaggerate a painful truth; a large portion of it no doubt becomes utterly extinct, or is but dragged to the light for a few hours by some hungry book-worm, to be once more placed, not always with reverence, amidst congenial dust. Prior, we beg our readers to remember, was once a famous poet. Did he not gain 4,000*l.* by the publication of his verses, were not his principal pieces translated into Latin and French, and did not Johnson (long years after the poet's death) declare that Prior was a lady's book, and that no lady is ashamed to have it standing in her library? On the strength of this statement from that archpriest of morality we do not recommend any lady to venture upon an indiscriminate perusal of Prior; but the doctor's assertion is a proof, at all events, that more than fifty years after the poet's death he retained a place amongst authors familiar to general readers. Another and still more striking evidence of Prior's popularity is the way in which many of his thoughts were appropriated by contemporary poets, as well as by writers who belonged to a later period of the century.

It has already been observed that Voltaire borrowed many ideas from "Alma." Southey has pointed out that from Prior Pope has adopted some of the most conspicuous artifices of his verse; and this remark, which is quite true, scarcely covers all Pope's obligations to his brother poet. Gray and Collins, the greatest lyric poets of the century, are not without some traces of indebtedness to the same source. Charles Wesley's well-known hymn, commencing:—

Lo! on a narrow neck of land  
"Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,

was, there can be little doubt, suggested by the couplet in "Solomon":—

Amid two seas, on one small point of land,  
Wearied, uncertain, and amazed we stand;

and there are even traces in Cowper, one of the most original of poets, of his familiar acquaintance with Prior, who in Cowper's younger days was at the height of his fame. The use, however, which one poet makes of another, a use often involuntary, is not to be hastily set down as plagiarism. "It seems," says Pope, "not so much the perfection of sense to say things that had never been said before, as

to express those best that have been said oftenest." And he adds that writers borrowing from others are like trees which of themselves would produce only one sort of fruit, but upon being grafted upon others may yield a variety. Prior, strange to say, has received his warmest eulogium from the pious founder of Methodism. John Wesley, who even in the busiest portion of his life was an omnivorous reader, and probably read more volumes through while riding on horseback or driving in his carriage than many men who with ample leisure boast of a taste for literature, was a great admirer of Prior. He frequently quotes from his poems in his letters and sermons, and devotes an essay to his defence in reply to what he considered the disparaging remarks of Dr. Johnson. He allows that he often wrote hastily, and has many unpolished lines, but considers that his genius at its best is "not inferior in strength to any besides Milton." His tales, he observes, replying *seriatim* to the criticisms of Johnson, are certainly the best told of any in the English tongue. "Never man wrote with more tenderness. Witness the preface to 'Henry and Emma,' with the whole inimitable poem." And as for the doctor's complaint of the tediousness of "Solomon," "I should as soon think," says Wesley, "of tediousness in the second or sixth *Æneid*!" And Prior had the honour — no slight honour surely — of being warmly praised by Cowper, who wrote of "Henry and Emma," of which we shall have something to say presently, as an "enchanted piece," to which few readers of poetry have not given a consecrated place in their memories, and of Prior generally as a poet "who with much labour, but with admirable success, has embellished all his poems with the most charming ease."

In this criticism Cowper has hit upon the most striking characteristic of Prior's verse, its "charming ease." His poetry contains, no doubt, a large amount of mythological rubbish. Such rubbish was the product of the age, and Prior wrote as he lived, after the fashion of his time. But as a lyric poet, whose genius is stimulated by social gaiety, and whose wit is ready at command, he has no rival in his century. His position may not be a lofty one, but he fills it perfectly. As an epigrammatist he is admirable; as a writer of humorous and not over-modest tales he is excelled only by La Fontaine; his love-verses, although destitute of soul and passion, as might be expected from a man

living loose upon the town, are remarkable for gracefulness and felicity of expression. He was the Thomas Moore — too often, indeed, the Tom Little — of his age, and marks of his influence may readily be traced in the sparkling effusions of the Irish poet. It may be as well to add, what some of our readers will doubtless remember, that Dr. Johnson's opinion of Prior's amorous verses differs considerably from ours. He declares that they have neither nature nor passion, gallantry nor tenderness; that they have the coldness of Cowley without his wit, and are the dull exercises of a skilful versifier trying to be amorous by dint of study. Passion they no doubt lack, and tenderness also; but they have a lightness of touch, a gallantry of tone, and, to quote the phrase aptly applied to them by Hazlitt, "a mischievous gaiety," which entitles them, we think, to a high place amongst occasional verses. It must be allowed, however, that the pieces meriting this praise are but few in number, and that the best of these are tainted with immodesty, and will not admit of quotation. If poets and versemen like Prior would but remember that by the abnegation of purity they exile themselves from the best society and the most appreciative readers in the world, they might be led to watch over their words more strictly, even if no nobler motive kept them from transgressing. A century and a half ago, however, the risk of being banished from the boudoir for over-plain speaking, and for *double entendre*, was a very slight risk indeed, and Prior's contemporaries and immediate successors, in attempting lively society-verses, were not less gross, and far less felicitous. Gay and Somerville, for instance, are often coarser than Prior, but they are by no means so sparkling. Pope, the greatest poet of the age, transgresses in a manner more offensive than witty, and Swift, who possessed "the best brains in the nation," wrote the nastiest verses to be found in our language. But it is time to give an illustration or two of Prior's sportive ease and grace as a lyric poet. Thomas Moore, writing to Lord Lansdowne, alludes to one of Prior's pieces, and observes that nothing could be more gracefully light and gallant. No wonder that it pleased the Irish poet, for the conceit in it is so like some of his own, that any one ignorant of the authorship would at once credit Moore with the production. Listen only to the two last stanzas: —

The god of us versemen (you know, child) the sun,  
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest ;  
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,  
 At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So, when I am wearied with wandering all day,  
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come ;  
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way,  
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

In an ode to a lady who declines to dispute any longer with the poet, and "leaves him in the argument," he sings in language which is as free from an antique flavour, as if it had been produced yesterday : —

In the dispute, whate'er I said,  
 My heart was by my tongue belied ;  
 And in my looks you might have read  
 How much I argued on your side.

Alas ! not hoping to subdue,  
 I only to the fight aspired ;  
 To keep the beauteous foe in view  
 Was all the glory I desired.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,  
 Contemns the wreath too long delayed ;  
 And, armed with more immediate power,  
 Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound she shuns the fight ;  
 She drops her arms to gain the field ;  
 Secures her conquest by her flight,  
 And triumphs when she seems to yield.

The qualities of vivacity and ease are well displayed in the following description of "A Lover's Anger : " —

As Cloe came into the room t'other day,  
 I peevish began, "Where so long could you stay ?

In your lifetime you never regarded your hour ;  
 You promised at two, and (pray look, child) 'tis four.

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels ;

'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.

A temper so heedless no mortal can bear " —  
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

"Lord bless me !" said she ; "let a body but speak ;

Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck ;

It has hurt me and vex'd me to such a degree —

See here ! for you never believe me ; pray see,  
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has made !

So saying, her bosom she careless displayed :  
 That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd,  
 And forgot every word I design'd to have said.

As a song-writer Prior never excels,

and sometimes falls ignominiously. He wrote twenty-eight songs, of which the greater number were "set to music by the most eminent masters." They are sad rubbish, although now and then a happy phrase or lively fancy reminds us that they are not the compositions of a commonplace writer. If Dr. Johnson had been thinking of these pieces when he wrote of Prior's amorous poems as the "dull exercises of a skilful versifier," we should not quarrel with his judgment, although we might complain of his indifference and forgetfulness in estimating the poet's love-verses by the least significant productions of his pen. From the context, however, it is evident he had in his mind certain of the love-pieces which do not rank under the category of songs, and he hits, as an adverse critic naturally would do, on some which are over-weighted with the mythological imagery. Prior had, no doubt, as we have before observed, the poetical disease of the day, but he took it in a mild form, and manages in one or two cases, which unfortunately we cannot quote, to turn this sort of machinery to skilful account. Throughout the criticism on Prior it seems to us that Johnson dispenses his praise as well as his blame wrongly. He cannot see the consummate charm of many of Prior's occasional verses, and he praises as "eminently beautiful" a watery paraphrase of St. Paul's noble utterances upon charity. Imagine any reader turning from the 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians to find beauty in lines like these :

Each other gift which God on man bestows,  
 Its proper bounds and due restriction knows ;  
 To one fixt purpose dedicates its power,  
 And finishing its act, exists no more.  
 Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,  
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease ;

But lasting Charity's more ample sway,  
 Nor bound by time nor subject to decay,  
 In happy triumph shall forever live,  
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

How differently the poet could write when he found a congenial topic may be seen from the bright and graceful lines he addresses "To a Child of Quality." In reading them it may be well to remember the report that has been handed down to us of Prior's genial nature, and how when staying in Lord Oxford's house, he made himself beloved by every living thing — master, child, servants ; human creature or animal. When the poem was written, the child was five years old and the author forty.

Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous  
band

That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,  
Were summon'd by her high command  
To show their passion by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,  
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read  
Should dart their kindling fires and look  
The power they have to be obey'd.

Nor quality nor reputation  
Forbid me yet my flame to tell ;  
Dear five years old befriends my passion,  
And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silkworms beds  
With all the tender things I swear ;  
Whilst all the house my passion reads  
In papers round her baby's hair ;

She may receive and own my flame  
For, though the strictest prudes should  
know it,  
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,  
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas ! when she shall tear  
The lines some younger rival sends,  
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,  
And we shall still continue friends.

For as our different ages move,  
'Tis so ordain'd (would Fate but mend it !)  
That I shall be past making love  
When she begins to comprehend it.

This is not richly imaginative verse, but of its kind it is perfect; nothing could be more felicitous in feeling or in phrase, and there are few readers that will not appreciate its charm. "Prior's serious poetry," says Hazlitt, "is as heavy as his familiar style was light and agreeable." No doubt he was more of a wit than a poet, and his happiest pieces are epigrams and society-verses. Many of these read as if they had been composed impromptu; and that the poet had this readiness in composition we know from the fact that in a company of Frenchmen he produced on one occasion some pretty extempore lines in French. No notice of Prior can be satisfactory without a specimen or two of his craft as an epigrammatist. Here is a piece entitled "The Remedy worse than the Disease:"—

I sent for Ratcliffe ; was so ill  
That other doctors gave me over ;  
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,  
And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,  
And wine had warm'd the politician,  
Cured yesterday of my disease,  
I died last night of my physician.

If Prior owes the suggestion of the fol-

lowing to a far greater epigrammatist, it must be allowed that he puts the thought suggested by the Latin poet into admirable shape :—

To John I owed great obligation,  
But John unhappily thought fit  
To publish it to all the nation ;  
Sure John and I are more than quit.

And here is one expressed with similar felicity :—

Yes, every poet is a fool ;  
By demonstration Ned can show it ;  
Happy could Ned's inverted rule  
Prove every fool to be a poet.

The following, written in a lady's copy of Milton, is also good, and has received high praise—higher, perhaps, than its merits :—

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been  
armed,  
In vain the fruit had blushed, or serpent  
charmed ;  
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought,  
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

Take another, not a little severe upon Pope's friend, Atterbury, who, it may be remembered, was accused, probably with injustice, of infidelity. The lines refer to the funeral of the Duke of Buckingham, at which the bishop officiated :—

"I have no hopes," the duke he says, and  
dies ;  
"In sure and certain hopes," the prelate cries :  
Of these two learned peers, I prithee say, man,  
Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman ?  
The duke he stands an infidel confest,  
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly  
priest ;  
The duke, though knave, still "brother dear,"  
he cries ;  
And who can say the reverend prelate lies ?

The Rev. Henry Dodd in his valuable work "The Epigrammatists," has made two mistakes with regard to Prior. He observes that he ranks "among the greater poets," which is assuredly not true; and that "with a few exceptions his epigrams are of the very lowest type," which we venture to think is a blunder also. Most readers will prefer Mr. Thackeray's judgment that they have "the genuine sparkle."

A fine specimen of Prior's skill as a poetical wit is the famous burlesque on Boileau's ode on Namur, and that he does sometimes succeed in grave and thoughtful verse is proved by his ode addressed to the Hon. Charles Montagu, a poem highly praised by Warton. Warton finds also much tenderness and pathos in Prior's

"Henry and Emma," a poem which strikes us as false in conception and feeble and verbose in execution. Yet it must not be passed by without a few words of comment, seeing that it has been warmly praised by intelligent judges. The ballad of "The Nut-Brown Maid," upon which Prior founded his poem, describes a jealous or curious lover who tests the fidelity of his lady-love by telling her that he is a banished man, that if she flies with him she will be regarded as a wanton; and when these statements fail to daunt her, he adds that he has another lady in the woods whom he loves more than her. But even this revelation does not disturb her constancy; whereupon the lover, having tested her affection sufficiently, tells the nut-brown maid that he is neither banished for his crimes nor false in his love, that he is, moreover, an earl's son, and is ready to marry her "as shortly as he can." The old ballad does not disturb one's sense of fitness like the modern version, partly, no doubt, owing to its antique flavour, and partly from the lightness and beauty of the story, which is told with the utmost simplicity. Prior's Henry, on the contrary, an unpleasant and suspicious lover of the eighteenth century, labours so hard to prove himself a scoundrel, that when at last he invokes "solemn Jove" and "conscious Venus," and beseeches the "bright maid" to believe him whilst he swears that he is no banished man or perjured knight, and asks her to excuse a trial, in the course of which he has accused her of gross immodesty, one feels vexed that Emma does not indignantly reject him instead of eagerly accepting his overtures. Not a word of reproof does she utter for his unmanly conduct, but sees in him the lord of her desire, declares that his will must dictate her fate, and asks to be allowed to employ her life subservient to his joy. The whole poem is unsatisfactory and even offensive from Henry's want of manliness, and from the lack in Emma of maidenly dignity, and we find it hard to say which of the lovers we like the least. The diction of the piece, moreover, is entirely conventional, the construction palpably mechanical, and it would be difficult to compress within an equal number of lines more wretched balderdash than Prior has written on the last page of his poem. The queen of beauty, so says the poet (with a fine sense of congruity which must strike every reader), being proud and pleased to hear the vows of Henry and Emma, stopped her bridled

doves and called upon Mars to let fame extol her favourite Anna's wondrous reign, and the unwearied toils of Marlborough, and afterwards, Gaul being thrice vanquished, to record, "with second breath," the triumphs of Venus, who is to be as faithful as Emma, while Mars is to copy the fidelity of Henry.

And when thy tumults and thy fights are past,  
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast,  
Faithful mayst thou, like British Henry, prove,  
And Emma-like, let me return thy love.

After this the Cyprian deity requests the "great god of days and verse" that one day may be set apart yearly for sports and floral play in honour of the true lover and the nut-brown maid. What a passage is this, and how flatly it falls upon modern ears! The vivid imagination of Keats gave new life to the old mythology, but to the Queen-Anne men it was for the most part mere dead lumber, and Prior, though he turns it to clever if not poetical uses elsewhere, has failed to catch from it the slightest inspiration in this poem.

We do not like to part from Prior in a mood of disparaging criticism. Like all poets, he has his weak side. No admirer of Milton or of Wordsworth would care to dwell on their pitiful attempts at humour. Spenser is not famous for wit, or Butler for pathos. We go to Shelley, and not to Crabbe, for splendid bursts of imagination; we do not expect (M. Taine notwithstanding) an accurate description of natural objects from Pope, nor do we look to Thomson for fine satire. In the poetry of Prior there is much that had its day and its meaning which is now meaningless and dead. Few, except curious students, will read his "Alma," still fewer his "Solomon," although in Wesley's opinion it contains some of the finest verses that ever appeared in the English tongue; and in spite of Cowper's admiration we venture to say that not one youth or maiden in this kingdom will ever again commit to memory his "Henry and Emma." But if we sweep away as refuse a great deal that was once admired, and admired, perhaps, not altogether unreasonably, enough remains to give Matthew Prior a high position among the poets whose bright wit and fertile fancy have been expended on occasional verses, and to justify the opinion of Mr. Thackeray that his lyrical poems are "amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous" in the English language.

J. D.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE DILEMMA.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

NEXT morning there was an unwonted excitement manifest throughout the household. Even the fat butler was up when Yorke came down-stairs; Mr. Peevor was going about in a fidget from room to room, although the expected hero was not due for another hour, giving repeated injunctions to the housekeeper to be sure and keep up a good fire in Mr. Frederic's room—he might want to take some rest after his long journey; while numerous apologies were made to Yorke for breakfast's being put off on Fred's account. When, however, Fred did arrive, himself in the brougham and his luggage in the tax-cart, it was pleasant to witness the unfeigned pleasure caused by his arrival; but in fact there was no doubt about the general amiability of the whole family. Every one went pretty much his or her own way, but no one ever seemed out of temper; and there were none of those little bickerings sometimes observable in even the most affectionate circles—sparks of snappishness elicited by domestic friction. Fred was very like his sister Cathy, rather under middle height, with a slight figure, pale complexion, light hair and small moustache, and bearing the unmistakable appearance of the British light dragoon. He accepted the welcome lavished upon him with easy composure, was civil to his step-mother, affectionate to his sisters, and properly deferential to the guest, as became Yorke's reputation and position in the service.

"Well, Frederic," said his father, as they sat over the breakfast-table, "how is your colonel? quite well, I hope, and all the rest of the officers? Is there any chance of the colonel's coming to England this winter? if so, we shall be very pleased if he will do us the honour to pay us a short visit."

The colonel was coming over, Fred believed, for a few weeks' hunting, but that would be with friends in Leicestershire.

"I suppose so," replied his father; "the colonel's company is very much sought after, naturally; the —th is one of the most fashionable regiments in the service," he added by way of explanation to Yorke; "but wouldn't you like to invite Lord Albert Custance, or Sir Charles Allingham, or any of your other brother officers, to come over for a few days hunting with the Southbywestershire? I should be extremely pleased to see them.

There is plenty of room for as many as you like to bring, and plenty of stabling, and corn too for all, and we would try our best to make them comfortable. This house is as much yours as mine, you know, Frederic, so I hope you won't hesitate to do just as you like."

"Very kind of you, sir, I'm sure," replied his son; "but I don't think any of our fellows are likely to be coming this way just now."

"Well then, at any other time, Fred, you must bring some of them, you know—Lord Albert Custance, or Sir Charles Allingham, or any others. I daresay we shall be able to put them up pretty comfortably. We will give them the best of what we have, at any rate."

"Very good of you, sir, I'm sure," again answered the son, and then turned the conversation in a way which implied that Lord Albert Custance and Sir Charles Allingham and the rest of his brother officers would certainly not receive the invitation.

"Do you know the —th, colonel?" said Mr. Peevor, turning to Yorke. "I am sure they would be very pleased to make your acquaintance."

Yorke replied that he knew them very well when the regiment was in India, a few years ago, but that the old set had almost all sold out or exchanged since they came home.

"It is one of the most fashionable regiments in the service," observed Mr. Peevor—"expensive, of course, but I am able to give my son a comfortable allowance."

"Rather too expensive for some of us, sir, I am afraid," said the young man, laughing; "we haven't all of us got such good-natured governors as some one who could be named; but it keeps promotion going."

Great was the consternation in the household when it became known that Fred's visit was to last only three days, and that he was going to spend the remainder of his leave with some friends at Leamington. This only came out by degrees, for the young man was reserved in manner—in this, as in many other respects, a contrast to his father. It was towards the end of his short visit, when he had come to know Yorke better, that he made a partial confidant of the house guest. "I like coming home, and all that, of course," said the young man, as the two were lounging about the stables together smoking their cigars, "but I can't stand the way in which the governor goes

on about his money. He is very generous, and all that—in fact he allows me twice as much as I want to spend, and would give me twice as much more if I asked for it. I believe he would like me to keep a dozen chargers and a couple of drags of my own, and a hunter for each day in the month; but what's the good of being different from the fellows about you? Besides, our colonel, who got the regiment last year, don't like his officers to spend too much money. Our fellows are well connected enough, but they are not a rich lot; and we have lost some very good fellows, who had to go—that was in our late colonel's time—because the pace was too good. Then the governor is always being at me to bring some of them over to stay here. Well, they would behave like gentlemen, I know; but what is the good of having fellows here to be laughing in their sleeve all the time at the bad form in which things are done—the waste and show, and the lot of useless servants who do nothing but overeat themselves, and overdrink themselves too, very often? I declare my grooms would do more work than the whole lot in the stable here put together. Then my father is vexed because I'm going to hunt at Leamington instead of bringing my horses down here. Well, colonel, you've been out with my sister Cathy, and I dare say you have noticed things, and the insolent way in which some of the people behave. I never go out without wanting to pick a quarrel with somebody. It is no good making a secret of it, and I don't mind telling you in confidence that I would rather not go through any more of it. How the girls stand it I'm sure I don't know; but I think women have more brass than men."

Perhaps the young man thought, by making a confidant of Colonel Yorke in this fashion, to disarm his criticism. At any rate, the latter, if he laughed at all, had no need after this revelation to laugh in his sleeve. And it will be seen that Mr. Peevor had acted the part of a Spartan father by his son, only making himself the example, instead of using the slave. Certainly, if he had deliberately tried to prevent the son from turning out a spendthrift he could not have succeeded better. Lieutenant Peevor was somewhat silent and cold in manner before the assembled family, although lively and unreserved when alone with his sisters, and having a practically unlimited command of money, he was scrupulously economical and methodical in habit. It was evident that Mr.

Peevor's substance stood in no danger of being wasted by his son's riotous living.

That afternoon Yorke had to go to London on business. Indeed he had intended to bring his visit to an end on this day, but Mr. Peevor protested so strongly against his putting them off with such a short one, that, nothing loath to see something more of a family which interested him in more ways than one, he promised to return next morning in time for hunting; and the short day, which proved too wet for out-of-door amusements, was passed pleasantly enough, chiefly in the billiard-room with Fred and the girls, who were in high spirits at having their brother's company. And observing how much more lively they had become, the truth dawned upon him that possibly both the young ladies might heretofore have been a little in awe of their military guest. Indeed it was some time before young Peevor himself managed to cross the gulf which separated the subaltern and the colonel.

Fred appeared to more advantage when with his sisters in this way than when his father was present, and he was very gracious to the children, giving them rides on his back up and down the lobby—a thing which it had never occurred to Yorke to do. Nor should it be omitted that their brother had brought each of the little ones a magnificent doll. "They have got about half a hundred apiece of these articles already," he observed to Yorke, in giving them their presents, "but this sort of thing pleases Mrs. Peevor. I've got nothing for you," he said to his elder sisters: "it's no good bringing you anything; you've got everything already that girls can want."

"Everything?" said Lucy, in an undertone, looking archly at her brother.

"Well, everything you are likely to get," he returned, half in fun, half vexed.

The Hamwell railway station, the nearest to "The Beeches," was on a branch line not far from the Shoalbrook Junction, where it joins the main line from London to Castleroyal. Several passengers got into Yorke's compartment at the junction, but in the twilight of a November evening he did not notice their features, but occupied himself in trying to read his evening paper by the dim glare of the ill-fed lamp. The train came to a stop and Yorke came to the end of his paper at the ticket platform about a mile from the London terminus; and as Yorke, who sat at the farther end of the carriage, handed his ticket to the occupant of the other corner to deliver to the collector, he looked at

him for the first time, and suddenly recognized his old friend Dr. Mackenzie Maxwell, formerly surgeon of the Mustaphabad residency, and afterwards of Kirke's Horse. The old gentleman was somewhat greyer than when he retired from the service four years before, but was otherwise little altered. Hearty greetings were of course exchanged between the two friends, and yet Yorke could not help noticing a certain constraint and confusion in the other's manner. He had been down to the neighbourhood of Castleroyal, Maxwell said, on some private business. He lived on his own little place in Fifeshire, and was staying for a short time in London. So much was explained during the short passage from the ticket platform to the terminus; and then Maxwell, shaking hands suddenly with his old friend, said he was in a great hurry to keep an appointment, jumped into a cab, and drove off without giving his town address.

Yorke felt surprised and hurt. Notwithstanding their difference of age, Maxwell and he had been on the footing of confidential friends; they had served together in the eventful defence of the Mustaphabad residency, and afterwards as close comrades throughout the rest of the sepoy war, and to Yorke alone had Maxwell confided his distress at Olivia's second marriage; and although he had left the regiment before ruin fell upon her and her husband, Maxwell had predicted some misfortune of the kind, and had himself told Yorke that he had left the regiment in order that he might not be present to witness it. Could it be that he resented the share Yorke himself had unwittingly had in that downfall? But no; nothing in Maxwell's manner implied resentment or reproach. His embarrassment obviously arose from something connected with himself, especially since, as it occurred to Yorke, Maxwell must surely have recognized him when he entered the carriage. For some reason, however, he had avoided recognition himself; and as Yorke thought over this strange and unsatisfactory meeting, the recollection of past days came up with unwonted force and freshness; and again indulging in the luxury of giving loose to the useless regrets over his wasted passion, in which he had allowed himself to indulge for so many years, the schemes for the future, which during the last few days he had amused himself in planning more or less vaguely, seemed to have lost all interest; and when, on returning next morning to "The Beeches," Lucy greeted him with a little blush,

quite justified by certain passages which had passed between them, his manner was so cold and constrained that the poor girl could not conceal her distress. "What a brute I am, to be sure!" said Yorke to himself when alone later in the day, thinking over the episode. "Yet how am I to know that it is not all a pretence, the easy device of a practised flirt? No doubt the little jade has been taught to make eyes at every man she meets. Who am I to interpret a woman's looks? Whenever I meet one it seems my destiny to blunder."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

YORKE, who had breakfasted before leaving town, expected to find Miss Cathy on his arrival ready to start for the meet, but when he drove up to the house she was still in walking-dress. Fred would not go hunting, she explained, and she did not like to leave him on his last day. That young gentleman could not go, she said, because he had no horse; but it appeared that he had declined to adopt his sister's suggestion to send to Castleroyal for one, and as of course he would not accept Yorke's offer of a mount on Jumping Joseph, the latter was fain to drive off alone in the dog-cart which awaited him under the portico, to the meet, whither that worthy animal had already been sent on.

The gathering, as usual in those parts, was a large one; but although Yorke noticed a detachment of evidently military men, probably from Castleroyal, he did not recognize any acquaintances among them, and found himself an entire stranger among the crowd. This made it rather dull work, more especially as the day was not destined to afford honest Joseph much opportunity for displaying his quality. One cover after another was drawn without success; and when at last a fox was found, the scent was bad and the checks frequent. Still the sport then became enjoyable enough to a man who had never hunted before; while there was a certain amount of opportunity offered for finding out what it was possible for a horse and rider to do.

It so happened that during one of these intermittent runs, a horseman just in front of Yorke came to grief. His horse blundered in taking a hedge with ditch beyond, but recovered itself cleverly without falling. Not so the rider, a stout young man, who having lost his seat remained poised for an instant on his horse's neck in a position of unstable equilibrium, and then

rolled ungracefully off on his back, while the honest beast galloped off in all the enjoyment of the chase. To stop in the middle of a run to catch a loose horse is the perfection of unselfishness, but Yorke was equal to the sacrifice, possibly because he anticipated another check in a few minutes; and galloping after the loose horse he brought it back to where the owner was striding in his boots over the heavy furrows.

"Thank ye, sir," said the dismounted cavalier, wiping the mud off his coat as he spoke; "it's awfully kind of you, I'm sure: these fences are infernally blind, or my horse would never have fallen. Why, I'm blessed," he continued, "if it's not Yorke! Well, this is a start; fancy meeting you here!" and Yorke recognized in the speaker an old friend, Teddy Round of the Artillery, whom he had last met at Peshawur, an eager sportsman, but in whom a certain rotundity of figure caused an ineradicable tendency to part company from his saddle on the smallest provocation. There was no time, however, to exchange inquiries if the field was to be overtaken; but later in the day the two came together again, and finding that their roads were in the same direction, jogged home together. Captain Round, whose battery had lately returned to England, was on leave and staying with his family who lived in the neighbourhood, and so taking the opportunity to enjoy a turn of fox-hunting. "Not bad fun in its way," said the captain, "but not to be named in the same breath with pig-sticking." "One falls softer, however," observed Yorke; whereupon Round inquired if his people too belonged to these parts; and the other replied that he had come down on a visit to the sister of his old friend Braddon, of Kirke's Horse — Round must have known him — who was killed in the Mutiny. Round said he knew him by name of course, although he had never met him, and a very fine fellow he must have been. Was Miss Braddon living at Castleroyal? and Yorke explained that the lady was married to Mr. Peevor, who lived at a place called "The Beeches," about five miles ahead.

"Oh! that's where you are!" cried Teddy, with a long whistle; "Peevor and Hanches, heh! and a very snug billet too you find it, I'll be bound."

"What do you mean?" asked Yorke, feeling that he was on the brink of a revelation.

"Why, do you mean to say you don't know that you are in the land of balsam?"

— Peevor and Hanches, the Clarified Balsam people; that's your Mr. Peevor, of course: fancy your not knowing it!" and while Yorke was silently wondering how such an obvious connection should not have occurred to him, his companion carried on a running commentary on the wealth accruing to the fortunate proprietors of that celebrated patent medicine. "Something like a billet, as I said; wines A1 and cook first-rate. I dined there once or twice when I was at home the year before last — old Peevor always asks a fellow to dinner if he meets him, you know; but I haven't called this time: my people don't visit at 'The Beeches,' so there is an awkwardness about the thing, you see. It is all dashed nonsense, of course; but women are such sticklers about these matters, and Peevor's being in trade does the mischief."

"I thought everybody was in trade nowadays."

"So they are," retorted Round, "and small blame to them; I ain't a bit proud myself, although I am so extremely well connected; and if you were to strike everything that smacked of the counter out of your visiting-list, you'd have to keep yourself pretty much to yourself down in these parts; but you must draw the line somewhere, and my people draw it at clarified balsam."

"You seem to forget, Master Ted, that Mr. Peevor is a friend of mine."

"All right, my dear fellow," continued the irrepressible captain: "considering that you didn't know who your friend was a minute ago, surely there needn't be any ceremony on the point between old chums like you and me. Not that Peevor isn't a very good sort of fellow, if he wasn't such a walking price-current; but Hanches the partner is something too awful. You haven't seen Hanches yet, I suppose — 'Anks, as he calls himself. An uncommon clever fellow is 'Anks, though; it's he who does the clarifying part of the business. Peevor found the money for starting the concern: he began with fifty thousand pounds, which they say he spent in advertising, and now he doesn't know which way to turn, he's so crowded up with money. Balsam has proved a highly remunerative investment, as clarified by the patent process of Peevor and Hanches, I can tell you. And it's not at all bad stuff, either, especially for horses with sore backs; we used it by the gallon in my battery. The girls are awfully nice too; when —"

"Now, Teddy, be careful what you are

saying—don't presume too far on old acquaintance."

"All right, my dear fellow; you can't have fallen in love with all three of them already, and there can be no harm in telling you that they are good for a plum each, down; that's the figure, I believe, that old Peevor gives out over his wine—and then, of course, he'll cut up for ever so much more. I have often thought of making the running in that quarter myself, for they are really as nice little girls as you would meet anywhere; but somehow I'm not a good hand at that sort of thing—not a lady's man, in fact."

"It is not you, I hope, Edward Round, who have been trifling with Miss Peevor's affections?"

"No, no, my dear fellow; Miss Peevor is a little in the sere and yellow, you know; but Miss Catherine would just do for a soldier's wife, she rides so uncommon well—every bit as well as I do myself. But I see you have heard that story, although you have been only two days in the house. Yes, young Dashwood behaved like a thorough snob, as he is. Mr. Peevor offered to pay off all his debts and to settle fifty thousand on his daughter, but the young scamp broke the thing off at the last moment because the money wasn't to be made over to himself. That was rather too much of a good thing, for he would have been sure to gamble it all away in a year or two. No, he was a thorough bad lot, and the lady was well out of the bargain, for all that he is to come into the title. But I believe the poor girl has taken it very much to heart; she was really fond of the young scapegrace. Dashwood is somewhere abroad now, you know, and will have to stay there as long as his uncle lives. The old lord gives him an allowance, I believe, but won't pay his debts any more. But it was a dreadful blow to poor old Peevor too; he had set his heart on his daughter becoming a peeress."

"Yes, I know the brother a little. He is not a bit like his governor. I fancy he had rather a hard time of it in the—th at first. He used to come in for a lot of chaff about the balsam; but he is a sensible fellow, and the best rider in the regiment, I believe—does all their steeplechase work for them, in fact, and gets on very well now. But our roads part here. Ta, ta, colonel; I shall come and look you up the first bye-day, and pay my respects to the family;" and so saying, the irrepressible Teddy turned off at the cross-road which led to Castleroyal, while Yorke

pursued his course to "The Beeches" along the road to Hamwell, half ashamed of himself for not having stopped the conversation, and yet pondering with heightened interest over the revelations poured out by his gossiping companion. So this, then, was the mystery; this the cause of the social banishment of his host and family. "And yet," he thought to himself, "how abominably unfair! One meets people every day whose antecedents are not a whit more exalted than those of my worthy friend, and manners not half so good, and yet against whom this absurd bar is not drawn. A man may make money by gambling in shares or on the turf, forsooth, and be received everywhere; yet he is to be cut because he earns his bread by honest balsam. And, after all, Peevor is a gentleman, although he is so much of a walking price-current about his property, and certainly his wife and daughters are ladies. Ladies indeed! I wonder if Master Teddy's sisters deserve the name as well? probably not, from their snobishness on this very point. And I will be bound they are not half as pretty as little Lucy, or as sweet-tempered. How fond the children are of Lucy! there can be no deception about that part of the business, at any rate. Children are such artless things, the imposition would have been exposed at once if these little endearments had been put on for the occasion. What a loving mother Lucy would make, and loving wife too, if she cared for her husband! True, she doesn't care a bit for me yet; but what right have I to look for love at first sight when I have none to give in return? No; we had better let it be a matter of business on both sides, if it is to be, and let the love come afterwards. And yet it certainly does take the edge off courtship to have the lady offered to you in such an obvious way. The prize would seem better worth winning if there were a little more difficulty and romance in the wooing. But then, what have I to do with romance? I was romantic enough in my young days, and a pretty fool I made of myself. No; romance for me is dead and buried; the most I can look for is to make a home for myself before middle age overtakes me, a hard old bachelor."

Some such ideas as these pursued their course through the rider's mind, Lucy assuming a deeper interest in them as he dwelt on the unjust persecution, as he deemed it, suffered by her and her family, and began to be possessed with an eagerness to constitute himself her champion,

when the train of thought was presently interrupted by his overtaking young Peevor and his sisters in the avenue, returning from a row on the river, the young ladies looking bright and flushed with the exercise, and walking along with graceful carriage and light elastic step. The drilling-master, at any rate, if there had been one, was successful with his pupils.

When the rider came up with them there were of course inquiries from Miss Cathy and her brother about the run, while Lucy, shy and nervous, looked straight before her. But on Yorke's dismounting and walking by her side leading his horse, a few slight glances and gentle words sufficed to dispel the clouds which his manner of the morning had left behind; and soon the party, after partaking of the refreshments which Fred ordered to be served in the children's room, were engaged with Minnie and Lottie in a game of ninepins along the lobby outside, till Mr. Peevor, aroused from his nap, came up to see what all the noise and laughter was about, and stood watching the scene—Yorke still in his muddy boots, and the young ladies with their hats on, while Fred with his coat off was giving Lottie a ride on his shoulders—his pleasure at the spectacle only abated by a doubt lest the visitor should think the family deficient in knowledge of the usages of polite society.

When Yorke mentioned at dinner that he had met Captain Round out hunting, Mr. Peevor at once said that he hoped to see him to dinner soon. "Any friend of yours, colonel, will be welcome here, and Captain Round is a very agreeable person. We did not know he was in the neighbourhood, or we should have made a point of inviting him to meet you. Be sure, Charlotte, my love, that you write and ask the captain to dinner for an early day."

The evening of this day was the most lively that Yorke had yet spent at "The Beeches," for Fred had stipulated that no visitors should be asked to dinner, and cutting short his father's usual recommendations of the wine by observing that they were none of them drinking any, proposed an immediate adjournment to the drawing-room. Here Mr. Peevor asked for music as usual; and Miss Cathy, nothing loath, sat down and played her little piece: but Lucy, when her turn came, excused herself with a little blush and conscious glance at Yorke. And then Mrs. and Miss Peevor retiring early as usual, and Mr. Peevor declaring

he was tired and would go to bed too—as he probably was, since he had been doing nothing all day—the rest adjourned to the billiard-room. An even match could now be arranged, for Fred played as well as Yorke, and the two young ladies equally badly, and to Yorke it fell to teach his partner Lucy how to hold her cue properly. Eight years had passed since such a duty had fallen to him, and how great the contrast between the two cases! Then—how well he remembered the day!—his hand trembled with awe and emotion as he ventured to touch that of Olivia, while she was unmoved and apparently all unconscious of the sensations which affected him so deeply. Now it was his turn to be calm and collected, while the lady was nervous and embarrassed. And, tickled as was his vanity while he noticed his evident power over Lucy, he wondered whether Olivia had in the same way enjoyed her power over him. And if so, was he going to play Lucy false in turn? This question must be seriously answered soon, before matters went much further. And yet was this confusion reality or pretence? Where was his power of fascination that a girl should fall in love with him at three days' sight? This was the sort of food for reflection furnished to Yorke by what passed during that evening, a long one as it turned out; for on their tiring of billiards, Fred declared it was absurd to think of going to bed at eleven o'clock. "There are no stables in the morning to make a fellow get up, and no chance of getting breakfast before ten; what say you, colonel, to teaching the girls whist, and then, Lucy, you will have at least one accomplishment to fall back upon when you are an old maid?" Her brother spoke in joke, but Lucy blushed as she laughed, for she felt that Yorke was looking at her.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### SOME TRAITS OF COMPOSERS.

At a time when art and literature are daily taking a stronger hold on all classes of society, and are obtaining by degrees their proper recognition and position, it follows naturally that a steadily increasing interest is felt in the personal history of great artists and authors, and that people who delight in their works should wish also to know something of their lives, their habits, and modes of working. In

this there is nothing but what is most just and reasonable. Few men can see a work of art without caring to know who or what like was the man that made it: few can resist the spell of sympathy that is exercised by the artist; and the first consequence of yielding to the charm is a very natural curiosity about the artist himself. No details of his life or tastes seem too trivial to his devoted admirers: his words, on small as well as on important occasions, are remembered; his looks, his actions, are observed and carefully set down; and anecdotes, more or less authentic, are recorded to gratify the appetite of the curious. Locks of his hair, his shoe-buckles, or lace ruffles, are treasured as though they retained some portion of the personal charm of their former wearer. That his portrait, or his letters and manuscripts, should be scrupulously preserved is yet more natural; and from the latter, of course, a new light is very frequently thrown upon his works, as we before possessed and knew them. To understand an artist's character cannot but help us to understand his works more thoroughly than they could be understood without some such knowledge of himself: for, as no human action can be properly valued for good or bad, unless we clearly see the motives which dictated it, so no work of art can ever be truly appreciated except with a clear comprehension of its author's purpose. It is, perhaps, not too much to say, that the habits of life, the health, the circumstances, and the *consequent* temperament of an author, must surely influence the tone and spirit of his compositions, and stamp upon them the result of the multitudinous causes which have affected his own disposition. From a man like Beethoven, leading a life of retirement, a prey to ill-health and the constant worry of domestic troubles, and struck down in middle life by the catastrophe of deafness; having but few, and perhaps not desiring to have many, friends,—from an artist so situated, who would expect the production of music of a generally gay and cheerful character? And, indeed, though relieved occasionally by strains of heavenly joy and brightness, the clouds of melancholy and gloomy grandeur are never broken for very long by such gleams of sunshine. The strongest characteristic, on the other hand, of Mendelssohn's music is the exact opposite of this: and we constantly perceive in it the counterpart of his bright, loving, and lovable nature, his buoyant spirits, seldom-failing gaiety, and even his occasional petulance, tempered as were

those qualities by profound study and the methodical application of its results.

To such, therefore—and we believe they are the majority among lovers of art—as feel this desire to become acquainted with the peculiarities of character that mark the masters whose works they never read or hear without a new delight and enjoyment, a few facts relating to their habits and mode of composition will not be unwelcome.

The first masters, writing as they did for the service of the Church, drew their inspiration in the seclusion of the cloister, and gave appropriate music to the hymns in daily use, composed in seasons of fasting, prayer, and meditation. Beyond this, little is known of their habits.

Allegri, Anerio, Palestrina, Leo, Bai, and Durante, who founded Church music and enriched its next succeeding era, are known to us by their works, chiefly, and of their lives we have but few particulars. It is impossible to separate our sense of the beauty and earnestness of Stradella's music from the memory of his romantic history, his devoted attachment, and tragic end. Being engaged in the service of the republic of Venice to compose operas for the carnival, he achieved a great success, both with his compositions and his splendid voice. A Venetian noble, whose mistress was a passable singer, invited Stradella to give her some lessons; and between the master and his lovely scholar there soon sprang up an affection which led eventually to their escaping together one night, and setting out for Rome. The noble, enraged beyond measure, immediately hired assassins to follow the fugitives and put them to death. The ruffians soon found Stradella at Rome, where he was on the point of giving an oratorio in the church of St. Giovanni Laterano; and, as the story goes, waited through the performance for a fitting opportunity for putting their purpose into execution, but were so melted by the wondrous beauty of Stradella's voice and music, that they relented; and, with many tears, confessed to him what had been their mission, and protested that they were incapable of the crime of robbing Italy and music of so great a genius. Warned by this adventure, the lovers fled to Turin, whither they were pursued by the implacable vengeance of the Venetian; and Stradella was attacked and wounded by three assassins. From these injuries he ultimately recovered, and perhaps thought himself safe from further danger; but the anger of his persecutor

was not to be so easily appeased, and, shortly after, Stradella having taken his *Ortensia* to Genoa on an excursion, the pair were barbarously murdered in their apartments, about the year 1681. "So perished," says his biographer, "the most excellent musician of that day in all Italy."

In Germany, only three or four years later, was born the greatest of the next century of musicians, John Sebastian Bach, who wrote more, perhaps, than any other man of that or any age. The number of his works is prodigious; and yet he never wrote anything that he did not correct as often as he had to recopy it. Hence, it is by no means uncommon to find copies of his compositions which differ very essentially from all the other known versions of the same. He seems to have spared no pains to render as absolutely perfect as he could all that flowed from his pen, voluminous and elaborate as it was. His great contemporary, Handel, though he frequently resorted to what he had written on previous occasions and for other purposes, and used over again subjects, and often whole movements, of his own — or of others' — compositions for the work before him, was an exceedingly rapid writer. Pages of his original MSS. still show from top to foot the sand with which he dried them, proving that they were wet all over at the same time. His handwriting was sometimes very fine and delicate, the heads of the notes being no bigger than pin-points; while, at other times, it was massive and large, with heads like bullets to the crotchets. He too, like Bach, frequently reviewed and amended his work; he rewrote four times, for instance, the air "How beautiful" in the "Messiah." At his death, few of his works were found as he had originally written them; scenes and even bits of recitative were altered, scored through, or covered with pieces of paper, gummed on, and bearing a new version of the passages so concealed. In composing he wrote with the greatest facility, beginning to set the words of an oratorio before he had received more than the first act of it. When engaged on the "Rinaldo" of Aaron Hill, Rossi, the translator of the libretto, was unable to do his part quickly enough to keep pace with Handel, who set his translation to music faster than he could write it down. "The signor Handel," he says, "the Orpheus of our age, in setting to music this lay from Parnassus, has scarcely given me time enough to write it; and I have beheld, to my great

astonishment, an entire opera harmonized to the last degree of perfection, in the short space of a fortnight, by this sublime genius. I pray you then, discreet reader, to receive my rapid work, and if it does not merit all your praises, at least do not refuse it your compassion, — I would rather say your justice, — remembering how short a time I have had to write it in."

Handel's celebrated countryman, Gluck, on the other hand, is said never to have put pen to paper until the whole work which he was about to write was completely finished and elaborated in his own mind. This is also the case with Monsieur Gounod, whose prodigious memory enables him to retain a whole opera in his head without making sketch or memorandum until every detail is in its place and ready for committing to paper. But to return to Gluck. "He has often told me," says M. Corenses, "that he began by going mentally over each of his acts; afterwards he went over the entire piece; that he always composed, imagining himself in the centre of the pit; and that, his piece thus combined and his airs characterized, he regarded the work as finished, although he had written nothing; but that this preparation usually cost him an entire year, and most frequently a serious illness. 'This,' said he, 'is what a great number of people call *making canzonets*.'" Miss Hawkins, in her "Anecdotes," relates of Handel that, being asked about his ideas and feelings when composing the "Hallelujah Chorus," he replied, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself." He would frequently burst into tears while writing, and is said to have been found by a visitor sobbing uncontrollably when in the act of setting the words "He was despised." Shield tells us "that his servant, who brought his coffee in the morning, often stood in silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing in the ink, as he penned his divine notes." The story of Handel's repeatedly leaving his guests at the dinner-table with the exclamation, "I have one *thought*," and repairing to another room to regale himself privately, ever and anon, with draughts of champagne from a dozen which he had received as a present, may probably be dismissed as unworthy of serious belief, opposed as it is to the genial and hearty disposition of the master, who would not be likely to keep to himself the enjoyment of any delicacy, especially when friends were dining at his table. That he was a large eater is highly

probable, if we consider the heavy amount of both mental and bodily fatigue that he constantly endured, and which must have made a proportionate supply of food necessary, to keep up his health and energy to the normal pitch. When he became blind, he grew depressed and low-spirited, his appetite failed, and he not long after died.

Gluck, again,—of whom Handel said that he knew no more counterpoint “as mein cook,”—“in order to warm his imagination,” says Carpani, “and to transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with his piano before him, and a bottle of champagne on each side, he wrote in the open air his two “*Iphigenias*,” his “*Orpheus*,” and his other works.” This reminds us of the famous *bon-mot* of the witty Sophie Arnould, who one evening when Mlle. Laguerre, more than half drunk, was playing in “*Iphigénie en Aulide*” at the opera, said, “*Tiens, — c’est Iphigénie en champagne !*”

Sarti, on the contrary,—a composer, born in 1729 at Faenza, in the States of the Church, as cultivated as he was charming in the suavity of his airs and his sentiment of scenic effect,—required a spacious, dark, dimly lighted room; and it was only in the most silent hours of the night that he could summon musical ideas. In this way he wrote “*Medonte*,” the rondo “*Mia speranza*,” and his finest air, “*La dolce compagna*.” Cimarosa was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he worked. It was thus that he composed his “*Orazii*” and his “*Matrimonio Segreto*,” for long the finest serious, and the first comic, opera of the Italian school. He would write in a single night the subject of eight or ten charming pieces, which he afterwards finished in the midst of a circle of friends. It was after doing nothing for a fortnight, but walk about the environs of Prague, that the air “*Pria che spunti*” (“*Matrimonio Segreto*”), one of the loveliest ever penned by any composer, suddenly entered his mind, when he was not thinking of his opera.

Sacchini, the author of “*Lucio Vero*,” “*Il Cid*,” and a host of other works for the Church and for the stage, delighted when composing to have his mistress at his side, and his cats, of whom he was very fond, playing about him. Paisiello composed in bed. It was between the sheets that he planned his “*Barbiere*,” the “*Molinara*,” and many other *chefs d’œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. The same strange

practice is ascribed to Brindley, the great but eccentric engineer. After reading the Bible, or a page of some holy father or classic author, Zingarelli would dictate, in a few hours, a whole act of “*Pyrrhus*,” or “*Romeo and Juliet*.” Anfossi had a brother of great promise who died young. His taste was to write surrounded by roast fowls and smoking sausages! As for Haydn, solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring which Frederick the Great had sent him, and which he considered necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down, says Carpani, to his piano, and in a few moments “soared among the angelic choirs.” Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt; he lived entirely for his art, exempt from cares. A singular effect of this retired life was that he, who never left the small town belonging to his prince, was for a long time the only musical man in Europe who was ignorant of the celebrity of Joseph Haydn. As if fate, says Carpani, had decreed that everything ridiculous in music should originate in Paris, Haydn received from a celebrated amateur in that city a commission to compose a piece of vocal music: some select passages of Lulli and Rameau were sent with the letter as models. These he returned, replying with simplicity that “he was Haydn, and not Lulli, nor Rameau; and that if music after the manner of those great composers was desired, it should be demanded from them or their pupils: that, as for himself, he unfortunately could only write music after the manner of Haydn.” “*Les choses ne se repêtent pas*,” says the proverb; but a very singular thing is said to have happened to Beethoven when in the latter part of his life he received a commission from an English amateur to compose something “in the style of his second symphony or his septet.” Beethoven’s answer—if he made one at all—was probably not so civil as Haydn’s.

Haydn’s life—continues Carpani—was uniform, and fully occupied. He rose early in the morning, dressed himself very neatly, and placed himself at a small table by the side of his piano, where the hour of dinner, then a very early affair, usually found him still seated. In the evening he went to the rehearsals, or to the opera, which was given four times a week in the prince’s palace. Sometimes, but rarely, he devoted a morning to sport. The little time which he had to spare, was divided between his friends and Mlle. Boselli. Such was the course of his life for more than thirty years, and this accounts for

the astonishing number of his works. Like Haydn, Mozart most willingly devoted the morning to composition, from six or seven o'clock till ten, when he got up. After this, he did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish a piece that was wanted. He always worked very irregularly. When an idea struck him he was not to be drawn from it. If taken away from the piano, he continued to compose in the midst of his friends, and passed whole nights pen in hand. At other times, he had such a disinclination to work that he could not complete a piece till the moment of its performance. In the well-known case of the famous sonata for piano and violin, which he wrote in hot haste at Vienna in 1784 for Mlle. Strinasacchi, Mozart had time only to write out the violin part, and performed the work the next day without putting his own part on paper. The autograph manuscript—seventeen pages in length—is now in England and confirms the truth of the story. Mozart had before him the violin part, with the accompaniment staves below it, mostly blank, but with here and there a few bars to indicate a change of figure or modulation, etc. These occasional bits of accompaniment, like the violin part, are in pale ink. The remainder, which he filled in afterwards, is in black ink. Thus the original state of the paper can be clearly made out, and the feat appreciated. A similar story is told of himself by our lately lost composer, Sterndale Bennett, who played his caprice for pianoforte and orchestra in London and at Leipzig, and sold it to the publishers at the latter place. "When he sent them the score, they found out that he had left out the pianoforte part, which in fact he had never written!" The overture to "*Don Giovanni*," perhaps the best of Mozart's overtures, was only written the night before the first performance, and after the general rehearsal of the opera had taken place. About eleven o'clock Mozart retired to his room, begging his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him in order to keep him awake. She accordingly began to tell him fairy-tales and funny stories, which made him laugh till the tears came into his eyes. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only go on while she continued to talk, and whenever she stopped he fell asleep. The efforts which he made to keep himself awake, together with the work in which he was engaged, so fatigued him, that he allowed himself to be persuaded at length by his wife to take some

rest, on condition that she should wake him again in an hour's time. He slept so heavily that she suffered him to repose for two hours; at five o'clock she awoke him. He had arranged that the copyists should come at seven; and, by the time they arrived, the overture was finished. They had, however, scarcely time to write out the orchestral parts before the performance, and the players had to execute it without a rehearsal. Some critics profess to point out in this overture the passages where Mozart fell asleep, and those where he suddenly woke again.

Beethoven used to sit for hours at the piano, improvising the thoughts which he afterwards jotted down on paper, and subsequently elaborated into the music with which he astounded the world. If he discovered that he had been overheard at such times,—as happened once when Cipriani Potter called upon the great composer, and was shown into an adjoining room,—he was incensed to the highest degree. In another mood, and especially after he had become deaf, while working out a subject in his mind, he would leave his house at night or in the early morning, and walk for many hours through the most remote and solitary places, through woods and by lakes and torrents, silent and abstracted. In this way he sometimes made the circuit of Vienna twice in a day, or, if he were at Baden, long excursions across the country. When engaged on his magnificent "*Sonata Appassionata*" he one day took a long walk with Ferdinand Ries, his pupil. They walked for hours, but during the whole time Beethoven spoke not a word, but kept humming, or rather howling, up and down the scale. It was the process of incubation. On reaching home, he seated himself at the piano without taking off his hat, and dashed into the splendid finale of that noble work. Once there he remained for some time, totally regardless of the darkness, or the fact that he and Ries had had nothing to eat for hours. His appearance became perfectly well known to people of all classes, who exclaimed, "There is Beethoven," when they saw him; and it is related that once, when a troop of charcoal-burners met him on a country path, they stood on one side, heavily laden as they were, to let him pass, for fear of troubling the great master's meditations. When composing in his own room at home, he would sometimes walk about in a reverie, pouring cold water over his hands alternately, from jug after jug, till the floor of the room was inundated, and

the people came running up-stairs to know the cause of the deluge. At his death he left, besides his finished works, a quantity of rough sketches, containing doubtless the germs of many more works, which never passed the stage in which they appear there. The first draughts of his well-known compositions show the successive alterations which their subjects suffered before they pleased him; and these form a most interesting study, as exposing his manner of working. One of his sketch-books has been published *in extenso*, and, besides a host of matters of minor interest, it contains three separate draughts, at length, of the finale of one of his symphonies — a striking proof of the patience with which this great and fiery genius perfected his masterpieces. Even when completely finished, and perfected to his own satisfaction, his MSS. presented many difficulties to the reader, and his copyists and engravers are said to have had a hard time of it. In one of his letters, in which he gives his publishers the corrections of some proofs of a stringed quartet, he concludes by saying that "it is four o'clock. I must post this: and I am *quite hoarse with stamping and swearing!*"

The handwriting of Mendelssohn was beautifully neat, and his manner of correcting the proofs of his printed works excessively careful and painstaking. The same may be said of his very extensive correspondence. Few men, probably no composers, ever wrote more letters — they must have been a tremendous tax upon his time and patience — and yet the smallest note is as accurately expressed and carefully written as if it were a State paper. In composing he made few sketches, but built up the whole in his mind, and then, when writing down the score thus mentally prepared, rather invited his friends' conversation than otherwise. "Pray come in," said he on one such occasion, "I am merely copying." On the other hand, he was fastidious to a fault in allowing his music finally to leave his hands for the publisher. The beautiful "Italian Symphony" was kept back by him till his death, the "Walpurgis-night" nearly as long, and some of the finest numbers in "Elijah" and the "Hymn of Praise" were added after the first performance. No musician more thoroughly appreciated the maxim that what is worth doing is worth doing well, or more consistently carried it into practice.

It was in a dream, — or, more properly speaking, a nightmare, — that Tartini composed his famous sonata for the violin,

called the "*Trillo del Diavolo*." Rossini, if reports may be believed, could not compose at any time so well as immediately after supper. When he was young, as the story goes, he was once writing an opera for the carnival of an Italian town; and the weather being bitterly cold, and his purse absolutely empty, he remained in bed, in order to keep himself warm while he wrote. Just as he was finishing a duet, the principal *morceau* in the opera, the paper slipped from his hands, and floated and fluttered under the bed. He reached out as far as he could without quitting the bed, first on one side and then on the other, but without being able to recover the piece. He therefore resigned himself to his fate and wrote it over again. A friend came in presently, and hearing what had happened, fished up the first duet, which proved to be altogether different from the second version.

Meyerbeer's imagination was powerfully excited during thunderstorms; at such times he would retire to his room and write with freedom and spirit. Halévy, with more domestic tastes, when his inspiration failed him, would put a kettle on the fire; and as it simmered and boiled, his mind gradually recovered its usual activity, and his ideas flowed again in abundance. Auber loved being on horseback, and while the animal was galloping, his thoughts came with facility and speed. Mozart confessed a similar thing. "It is when travelling in a carriage, or walking after dinner," writes he to Baron V., "that my ideas flow best and most abundantly." Many persons of less eminence than Mozart or Auber have experienced the same effect from the motion of a hansom cab. But while Auber was happy on the gallop, Adolphe Adam, on the other hand, when at a loss for ideas, loved to bury himself with his cats, under a thick quilt of eider-down.

Readers of Mr. Forster's biography of Charles Dickens will remember his nocturnal expeditions, and how, when putting together the plot of a story, he would pace the deserted streets of London at night for hours. Many a page of his novels, teeming with punch-bowls and joviality, was thus soberly imagined. On the other hand, Ben Jonson, according to an entry in his manuscript journal, preserved at Dulwich College, wrote best when drunk: — "*Memorandum*. Upon the 20th of May, the king (heaven reward him!) sent me 100*l*. At that time I often went to the Devil Tavern, and before I had spent 40*l*. of it, wrote my 'Alchymist.' . . . I laid

the plot of my 'Volpone,' and wrote most of it after a present of ten dozen of palm-sack from my very good Lord T—. That, I am positive, will live to posterity, and be acted, when I and envy be friends, with applause. . . . *Memorandum.* The first speech in my 'Cattilina,' spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I had parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern: I had drunk well that night, and *had brave notions.* There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water in my wine."

These few anecdotes might be perhaps multiplied indefinitely; but, as far as they go, they serve to illustrate sufficiently the various ways of working, purposely or accidentally adopted by composers, and show that ideas are not always to be found only by biting the end of the quill pen.

JULIAN MARSHALL.

From Temple Bar.

CAROLINE HERSCHEL.\*

WHEN Caroline Lucretia Herschel was already an aged woman, living in the exile from England to which she had committed herself after the death of her beloved brother, under the idea that she should not long survive him, she began to write down her recollections,—"A little History of her Life from 1772-1788." She wrote them for her nephew, the son of Sir William Herschel, that he might know something of his excellent grandparents, and also understand the innumerable difficulties which his father had surmounted in his life and labours. It was not to tell of herself, but of others, that she wrote these "Recollections," and it was with diffidence that she sent them to the one person whom she believed would care to read them.

"You must," she writes, "excuse your old aunt, who can only think of what is past, forgetting the present."

Sir John Herschel valued these memoirs, and they are carefully preserved in the family along with her letters. But Caroline Herschel would have been very much surprised, and not a little angry, if she could have foreseen that her letters and recollections would ever have been printed, or that a book about herself would ever have been put together.

Writing once to the wife of her nephew, Sir John Herschel, she says,—

"I have something to remark about what you call my letters, which were to be deposited in the letter-case. I was in hopes you would have thrown away such incoherent stuff, as I generally write in a hurry, when I am sick for want of knowing how it looks at home [as she always called England], and not let it rise up in judgment against my perhaps bad grammar and bad spelling, etc.; for to the very last I must feel myself walking on uncertain ground, having been obliged to learn too much, without anything thoroughly."

Entire unconsciousness of any worth or merit in herself was one of her remarkable characteristics.

She was endowed with a royal instinct for serving others to the utmost of her powers, doing this as a simple matter of course, feeling only that all she could do was much less than what was needed. This sense of shortcoming was a constant source of regret, and effectually checked all emotions of self-complacency. The one ruling idea that governed her whole life was to work wherever she was placed and to obey those in authority over her. The daughter of a soldier, the spirit of discipline was born with her.

Her obedience, however, was not from constraint, or a feeling of servitude,—she willingly offered herself for the service of those who had a claim upon her services, and her sympathy with whatever work she had in hand gave to all she did the freedom which works from love. From early childhood she took on herself the weight of the family cares and anxieties which she only dimly comprehended, but which she felt, because they troubled her parents. This love of being helpful gave a dignity to the heavy drudgery of being maid-of-all-work to the family. She always obediently did her best—even when, as she records, "she got many a whipping" for not being able to clean the knives and forks with brick-dust, or to wait at table so as to please the lordly eldest brother Jacob. She evidently had a contempt for him which she was too well trained in subordination to express, and a hearty detestation which is sufficiently conveyed to the reader without the help of words. But all the same, when, after the father's death, he became head of the family, she never failed in paying him due obedience; and when in later years, after everything had been arranged for her to accompany her beloved William to England, and Jacob was at the last accident-

\* *The interesting Memoirs and Correspondence of this Sister of Sir William and Aunt of Sir John Herschel are just published by Mr. Murray.—Ed.*

ally detained in another place, she mentions with regret having to depart without the formal consent of her eldest brother.

It was her deep power of sympathy with those she loved that weighed down the natural gladness of childhood. One can scarcely read without tears in one's eyes, of the little act by which she won a smile from her mother at a moment when she was overwhelmed with the parting from her husband and sons, who had just left to join the army; the little Caroline seeing a neckerchief that her father had worn hang over a chair, took it, and putting one end in her mother's hand, took the other herself, and sat down at her feet. But the deep well spring of love and self-devotion which lay in the heart of Caroline Herschel never went forth from its inmost depths, except towards her brother William. Her whole life and being were given to him, and throughout the record she gives of the period whilst they were together, he seems to have been entirely worthy of her love. The incidental light thrown upon his character by his sister's memoirs, reveals a nature so noble, that his grandest discoveries and great achievements in science, seem only the natural growth and outcome of the nobler inner life from which they sprung.

The change from the life at Hanover to the life at Bath was like the transformation scene in a pantomime. The little maid-of-all-work, who had been allowed no education by her mother, lest it should unfit her for household duties, who had been permitted to receive a lesson in music from her father only "when her mother was in a good humour or out of the way," was taken to Bath and told she was to prepare herself for taking part in public concerts and oratorios! She had lessons in music and singing twice a day, and was put under "Miss Flemming, the famous dancing-mistress," to be drilled to move like a lady; she had ten guineas presented by her brother to buy a suitable dress; Mr. Palmer, the manager of the theatre, told her she was an ornament to the stage; the Marchioness of Lothian and other great ladies complimented her on pronouncing her words like an Englishwoman!

In a wonderfully short time she was able to take the leading parts in oratorios and concerts, and even received the offer of an engagement at the Birmingham Festival. But she refused to appear anywhere, unless her brother William was the conductor. She had no wish to be anything for herself. All her life she had been in an atmosphere of music; her

father was a bandmaster, and a fine musician; her brother William was an eminent composer and musician, who if he had not become an astronomer would have been remembered as a musician; her brother Alexander, who had come to England with William, and who lived with him, was also an excellent musician. But Caroline Herschel had never before received any regular instruction; it was the spirit of willing obedience, and the well-trained habit of doing exactly as she was told, that enabled her to perform what seem almost like miracles.

Her life at Bath seems to have been very happy, in spite of house-keeping difficulties and the perplexing difference betwixt housekeeping in Hanover and house-keeping in England, the extravagance of which distressed her sense of thrift; but there was more money to go upon, for her brother William was making a handsome income by his concerts and compositions, as well as by teaching.

Another transformation was, however, in store. The love of music in William Herschel was only second to his love of science. He had already begun to invent wonderful instruments for observing and measuring the distances of stars, etc.; more and more time was gradually taken from music to be devoted to astronomy. Caroline was quietly expected to assist him. She had to learn, as well as she could, the mysteries of logarithms, calculations how to compute distances and how to reduce sidereal time into mean time, and other things still more abstruse, which, to one unlearned, sound more like making incantations than anything else. Caroline Herschel learned to do all this, and more. In a letter, written long years after, she says, "My dear brother William was my only teacher, and we began generally with what we should have ended, he supposing I knew all that went before: and perhaps I might have done so once, but my memory he used to compare with sand, in which everything could be inscribed, but as easily effaced." It was only at odd times, and at meals, that she was able to obtain even this fragmentary instruction. She owns to never having been able to say the multiplication-table, but carrying a copy in her pocket for reference. Her industry and truly German perseverance carried her through these seemingly impossible tasks. The second brother, Alexander Herschel, a man of rare gifts, both as a musician and mechanic, was a very efficient assistant to his brother, but he was not endowed with patience, and could

not bear to be kept long confined to the same occupation. It was, therefore, to Caroline that her brother turned for help in the construction of the tools and wood-work for grinding and polishing lenses and mirrors, etc. It was she who made the pasteboard tube that was to hold the first large mirror, and the dexterity of her fingers, and the desire to be useful, which, as a little child, helped her to make "bags and sword-knots," made her now, as she expresses it, "almost as useful as a boy in the first year of his apprenticeship."

In all these things it was the loving sympathy with all his aspirations and efforts that gave a subtle virtue to the actual mechanical aid she afforded. She desired nothing for herself; she would be nothing of herself; all her life flowed into his life, nourishing it, and strengthening his heart under all disappointments and difficulties. She never tired, but kept pace with him in all his work, standing beside him day and night, both of them working as though bodily needs or material comforts did not exist. She never failed him. After a time, when she was set "to mind the heavens," and began to taste the delights of discovery with her "Newtonian sweeper," she laid it aside, having time for no more than three or four opportunities to use it in the course of as many months, in order not to neglect her brother's work. This consisted chiefly in doing endless sums and acting as his secretary, noting down all he saw in his sweeps, standing by him through winter nights when the very ink froze in her pen. As before in music, so now in astronomy, she refused to be anything but her brother's helper. Throughout her life her one word was, "All I am, all I know, I owe to him. I am only the tool he fashioned. I did no more for him than a well-trained puppy-dog might have done." Long afterwards when, in very advanced life, she received the Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, and was elected an honorary member, she energetically deprecated all mention of herself, because whatever was said in praise of her took away what ought to be given to her brother.\*

What Caroline Herschel felt and thought when her adored brother took a wife nobody ever heard or knew. She seems to have confided her feelings to her diaries alone, and those she destroyed.

\* The medal was awarded for her valuable work, "The Reduction and Arrangement, in the form of a Catalogue, in Zones, of all the Star-Clusters in Nebulae observed by Sir William Herschel in his Sweeps."

It was a shock and a trial, sharper most likely than even that caused in after years by his death, because it was mingled with more purely personal jealousy and bitterness. What it must have been to see another woman promoted to have the sole right of caring for his comfort and of ministering to his wants, after the many years she had lived for nothing else, must have been terribly hard to bear. Even the fact that his wife brought him an ample fortune, setting him free from all need to beg from government for the small sums needed to carry on his work, was only an additional aggravation. How to keep down household expenses had been one of Caroline Herschel's hardest problems; and the little addition she had been to his expenditure — not ever more than seven or eight pounds a year — had been always a source of regret, which no amount of work done for him could make her feel that she had earned.

And now he was going to be rich, he would need her care and thrift no longer, and it was the woman whom he had preferred before her, who was to have the happiness of freeing him for life from all anxiety about money matters! It was a very bitter trial, and although she has not left on record anything she said, what she *did* is painfully significant — she "gave up her place as housekeeper," and went to "lodge with Sprat, one of her brother's workmen," whose wife was to wait on her. She only reserved to herself the right of access to the roof of her brother's house (which was the observatory), and to the work-room. Here she came to work every day, "returning home for her meals."

Doubtless she was not the only one of the three who was unhappy.

In a letter, long afterwards, to her nephew, she mentions that when her brother "was about to enter on the married state," he had wished to make her independent, which she entirely refused, but requested him to ask for some small salary for her as his assistant. This he did, and obtained the promise of fifty pounds a year. She not only prepared to live but to save out of it for her relations at Hanover. The incidental mention of her numerous changes of abode, give us a glimpse of comfortless lodgings and of the long distances she had to go in all weathers to and from her work, till health and strength alike failed under the additional strain. But there is not one word of complaint. She continued obdurate, accepting nothing from the new comer. How and when she began to soften we are not told, but

in one of her letters in after life she says that when her salary "had fallen *nine quarters in arrears*" her brother and Lady Herschel insisted that she should receive from them the sum of ten pounds a quarter. The birth of her nephew and his early promise, so splendidly fulfilled, of becoming in all respects worthy of his father, helped to heal and to fill her wounded heart. By degrees she was won to love her brother's wife, and after his death she addresses her as the "dear sister I now feel you to be," and Caroline Herschel was a sister worth winning. For some years before her brother's death they became firm friends, and whenever Lady Herschel was from home, Caroline went to be with her brother and to take care of him as of old; her labours had never been remitted, the work was a bond between them that had never been loosened.

The death of her beloved brother in 1822 was a sorrow that dislocated the remainder of her life. Broken as she was by fatigue and overwork, she believed and hoped she should not long survive him, and under the shock of her great grief she took a step which she regretted only once, but that was always — she was obstinately bent on returning to Hanover to reside for the rest of her days. To make her determination irrevocable, she made a gift of all she possessed to her youngest brother Dietrich and promised to take up her abode henceforth under his roof. Next to William he had been her favourite, and much of the motherliness of her nature had come out towards him; from the time she had nursed him as a baby in the cradle to the time when, after he had run away from home, he had been found sick and destitute at a lodging in Wapping and had been brought back to health by her "on a diet of roasted apples and barley water," and when later, he had come to her "broken in health, spirit, and fortune," she had always been the one to comfort and help him. He had possessed much of the musical talents of the family, and had given promise of becoming an eminent performer on the violin, but he seems never to have done much good; his sister clung to him, however, and believed in him as a man capable of advising her on all matters of business. To Dietrich she committed herself when all her happiness and hope in life went down in her brother's grave.

Everything seems to have been said and done that was possible to induce her to

remain in England with those who loved her and knew her value, and amongst the friends she had made in the scientific world, but all was in vain. Dietrich came from Hanover to fetch her, and she returned with him.

From the day of her departure to the day of her death she never ceased to regret what she had done, and, what was more, she owned her mistake. For fifty years she had lived in constant intercourse with men of the highest rank in science; she had spent her whole time in assisting and sharing in the grandest astronomical discoveries, not minding meaner things. In old age she returned to the city where she was born, expecting to find amongst the relations who had grown up in her absence, as many estimable persons as there were individuals. She found instead, that she was unfitted for their society as they were for hers. While she "had been minding the heavens," they had lived in narrow streets and in a narrow range of interests; she had revered and understood her brother's worth; they who had never known him, felt only a gratified vanity in owning so distinguished a relative. Shut up in a room whence she could not "see an entire constellation," nor scarcely a star; homesick, after the dear ones she had left; lonely among her stranger kinsfolk; pestered by the interference and pretentiousness of her brother Dietrich, whose faith in his sister's superiority had been altogether destroyed by the course she had taken in giving him all she possessed and making him her adviser, she found herself very unhappy indeed.

But more bitter than any personal disappointment was the consciousness which after a while made itself felt, that she had thrown up work while she had still the strength to do it; that she was letting talents which would have been useful to her brother's son rust in disuse. This was what gave bitterness to her regret: there is no remorse like that caused by the sense of talents unemployed. It was not the deficiencies or stupidities of those she had come to dwell amongst that caused Caroline Herschel to become bitter in her complaints, the fault lay in herself, and she knew it: she believed it was too late to return, and bent herself to endure and to await the end, which seemed as though it would never arrive. Lady Herschel, her nephew, and her nephew's wife, when he took one, kept up a close and affectionate correspondence.

She saw her nephew grow up to be worthy of his father, and his reputation to be as brilliant.

Her nephew made several journeys to see her, and brought with him his eldest son on one occasion.

She lived in great comfort, for the annuity left by her brother of a hundred a year was affluence.

Celebrated men came to pay their respects to her.

Her own attainments and labours were recognized and honoured.

She had troops of friends, from royalty downwards, who all delighted to show her honour.

Kindness and tenderness she received from them abundantly.

Amongst her own kindred there were those who loved her and showed her unremitting kindness when the days of darkness came, and her infirmities were heavier than she could bear; but the mistake she had made in quitting England remained a mistake to the end.

Her letters and journals depict her life with a simplicity and reality that no one on the outside could give; and if the readers of them feel some of the love and admiration with which they have inspired me, they will feel that in Caroline Lucretia Herschel they have found a friend.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### A WINTER MORNING'S RIDE.

THE proverb that "the early bird gets the worm" has no truer application than in travelling, considered as a fine art. Of course to him who uses locomotion as a mere method of getting from one place to another, it matters nothing whether he starts at 3 A.M. or at noon. But to the man who likes to get the most he can out of his life, and looks upon a journey as an opportunity for gaining some new insight into the ways, and habits, and notions, of his fellow-men, there is no comparison between their value. The noonday travelling-mood, like noonday light, is commonplace and uniform; while the early morning mood, like the light when it first comes, is full of colour and surprise. Such, at any rate, has been my experience, and I never made an out-of-the-way early start without coming upon one or more companions who gave me a new glimpse into some corner of life, and whose encounter I should have been the poorer for having missed. My last experience

in this matter is very recent. In the midst of the wild days of last December I received an unexpected summons on business to the north. My appointment was for eleven o'clock on the morrow, two hundred miles from London. It was too late to make arrangements for leaving home at once, so I resolved to start by the first morning train, which leaves Euston Square at 5.15 A.M. Accordingly, soon after four next day I closed the house door gently behind me, and set out on my walk, not without a sense of that self-approval and satisfaction which is apt to creep over early risers, and others who pride themselves on keeping ahead of their neighbours.

It was a fine wild morning, with half a gale of wind blowing from the northwest, and driving the low rain-clouds at headlong speed across the deep clear sky and bright stars. The great town felt as fresh and sweet as a country hillside. Not a soul in the streets but an occasional solitary policeman, and here and there a scavenger or two, plying their much-needed trade, for the wet mud lay inches deep. I was early at the station, where a sleepy clerk was just preparing to open the booking-offices, and a couple of porters were watering and sweeping the floor of the big hall. Soon my fellow-passengers began to arrive, labouring men for the most part, with here and there a clerk, or commercial traveller, muffled to the eyes.

Amongst them, as they gathered round the fire, or took short restless walks up and down the platform, was one who puzzled me not a little. He had arrived on foot just before me, indeed I had followed him for the last quarter of a mile through Euston Square, and had already begun to speculate as to who he could be, and on what errand. But now that I could get a deliberate look at him under the lights in the hall, my curiosity was at once raised and baffled. He was a strongly built, well-set young fellow of five feet ten or eleven, with clear grey eyes, deep set under very straight brows. His hair was dark, and would have curled but that it was cropped too short. He was clean shaved, so that one saw all the lower lines of his face, which a thick nose, slightly turned up, just hindered from being handsome. He wore a high sealskin cap, a striped flannel shirt with turn-down collars, and a slip-knot tie with a rather handsome pin. His clothes were good enough, but had a somewhat dissipated look, owing perhaps to the fact that only one button of his waistcoat was fastened, and that his boots, good broad

double-soled ones were covered with dry mud. His whole luggage consisted of the travelling-bag he carried in his hand, one of those elaborate affairs which generally involve a portmanteau or two to follow, but swelled out of all gentility and stuffed to bursting-point.

An Englishman? I asked myself. Well, yes, — at any rate more like an Englishman than anything else. A gentleman? Well, yes again, on the whole; though not of our conventional type — at any rate a man of some education, and apparently a little less like the common run of us than most one meets.

Here my speculations were cut short by the opening of the ticket-window by the sleepy clerk, and the object of them marched up and took a third-class ticket for Liverpool. I followed his example, my natural aversion to eating money raw in railway-travelling inclining me to such economy, apart from the interest which my problem was exciting in my mind. I am bound to add that nothing could be more comfortable than the carriages provided on the occasion for the third-class passenger of the N. W. R. I followed the sealskin cap and got into the same carriage with its owner. As good luck would have it, no one followed us. He put his bag down in a corner, and stretched himself along his side of the carriage with his head on it. I had time to look him well over again, and to set him down in my own mind as a young English engineer, who had been working on some continental railway so long as to have lost his English identity somewhat, when he started up, rubbed his eyes, took a good straight look at me, and asked if any one coming from abroad could cut us off from the steamer that met this train. I found at once that I was mistaken as to nationality.

I answered that no one could cut us off, as there was no straighter or quicker way of getting to Liverpool than this; but that he was mistaken in thinking that any steamer met the train.

Well, he didn't know about meeting it, but any way there was a steamer which went right away from Liverpool about noon, for he had got his passage by her, which he had bought at the tobacco-store near the station.

He handed his ticket for the boat to me, as if wishing my opinion upon it, which I gave to the effect that it seemed all right, adding that I did not know that tickets of this kind could be bought about the streets as they could be in America.

Well, he had thought it would save him time, perhaps, save the packet, as she might have sailed while he was after his ticket in Liverpool, which town he didn't know his way about. But now, couldn't any one from the Continent cut her off? He had heard there was a route by Chester and Holyhead, which would bring any one who took it aboard of her at Queens-town.

I answered that this was probably so, beginning to doubt in my mind whether my companion might not, for all his straightforward looks and ways, have come by the bag feloniously. Could it be another great jewel-robbery?

I don't know whether he noticed any doubtful look in my eyes, but he added at once that he was on the straight run from Heidelberg. He had come from there to London in twenty-six hours.

I made some remark as to the beauty of Heidelberg, and asked if he knew it well.

Why, yes, he said he ought to, for he had been a student at the university there for the last nine months.

Why then was he on the straight run home, I ventured to ask. Term wasn't over?

No; term wasn't over; but he had been arrested, and didn't want to go to prison at Strasburg, where one American student was in for about two years already.

But how did he manage to get off, I asked, now thoroughly interested in his story.

Well, he had just run his bail. When he was arrested he had sent for the doctor at whose house he lodged to bail him out. That was what troubled him most. He wouldn't have the Herr Doctor slipped up anyway. He was going to send the money directly he got home, and there were things enough left of his to cover the money.

What was he arrested for?

For calling out a German student.

But I thought the German students were always fighting duels.

So they were, but only with swords, which they were always practising. They were so padded when they fought that they could not be hurt except just in the face, and the sword arm was so bandaged that there was no play at all except from the wrist. You would see the German students, even when out walking miles away from the town, keep playing away with their walking-sticks all the time, so as to train their wrists.

What was his quarrel about?

Well, it was just this. The American students, of whom there were a large number there, kept pretty much to themselves, and no love was lost between them and the Germans. They had an American Club to which they all belonged, just to keep them together and see any fellow through who was in a scrape. He, and some of the American students, were sitting in the beer-garden close to a table of Germans. Forgetting the neighbourhood, he had tilted his chair, and leant back in it, and so come against a German head. The owner jumped up, and a sharp altercation followed, ending in the German's calling him out with swords. This he refused, but sent a challenge to fight with pistols by the president of the club, a real fine man, who had shot his two men down South before he went to Heidelberg. The answer to this was his arrest, and arrest was a very serious thing now. For some little time since a German and an American fought with swords first, and then with pistols. The American had his face cut open from the eye right down across the mouth, but when it came to pistols he shot the German, who died in an hour. So he was in jail, and challenging with pistols had been made an offence punishable by imprisonment, and that was no joke in a German military prison.

Did he expect the university authorities would send after him then?

No; but his folk were all in Germany for the winter. He had a younger brother at Heidelberg who had taken his bag down to the station for him, and would have let his father know, as he had told him to. If he had telegraphed, the old gentleman might come straight off and stop him yet, but he rather guessed he would be so mad he wouldn't come. No; he didn't expect to see his folk again for three or four years.

But why? After all, sending a challenge of which nothing came was not so very heinous an offence.

Yes, but it was the second time. He had run from an American university to escape expulsion for having set fire to an outhouse. Then he went straight to New York, which he wanted to see, and stopped till his money was all gone. His father was mad enough about that.

I said plainly that I didn't wonder, and was going to add something by way of improving the occasion, but for a look of such deep sorrow which passed over the boy's face that I thought his conscience might be left to do the work better than I could.

He opened his bag, and took out a photograph, and then his six-shooter—a self-cocking German one, he said, which was quicker and carried a heavier ball than any he had seen in America; and then his pipes and cigar-tubes; and then he rolled a cigarette, and lighted it; and, as the dawn was now come, began to ask questions about the country.

But all in vain; back the scenes he was running from came, do what he would. His youngest brother, a little fellow of ten, was down with fever. He had spoilt Christmas for the whole family. It would cut them up awfully.

But to a suggestion that he should go straight back he could not listen. No, he was going straight through to California, the best place for him. He had never done any good yet, but he was going to do it now. He had got a letter or two to Californians from some of his fellow-students, which would give him some opening. He wouldn't see his people for four or five years, till he got something to show them. He would have to pitch right in, or else starve. He would go right into the first thing that came along out there, and make something.

As we got further down the line the morning cleared, and we had many fellow-passengers; but my young friend, as I might almost call him by this time, stuck to me, and seemed to get some relief by talking of his past doings and future prospects. I found that he had been at Würzburg for a short time before going to Heidelberg, so had had a student's experience of two of the most celebrated German universities. My own ideas of those seats of learning, being for the most part derived from the writings of Mr. Matthew Arnold, received, I am bound to own, rather severe shocks from the evidently truthful experience of this one medical student.

He had simply paid his necessary florins (about 1*l.* worth) for his matriculation fee, and double that sum for two sets of lectures for which he entered. He had passed no matriculation examination, or indeed any other; had attended lectures or not, just as he pleased—about one in three he put as his average—but there was no roll-call or register, and no one that he knew of seemed to care the least whether he was there or not. However, he seemed to think that but for his unlucky little difficulty he could easily at this rate have passed examination for the degree of doctor of medicines. The doctor's degree was a mighty fine thing, and

much sought after, but didn't amount to much professionally, at least not in Germany, where the doctor has a State examination to pass after he has got his degree. But in America, or anywhere else, he believed, they could just practise on a German M.D. degree, and he knew of one Herr Doctor out west who was about as fit to take hold of any sick fellow as he was himself. Oh, Matthew, Matthew, my mentor! When I got home I had to take down thy volume on universities in Germany, and restore my failing faith by a glance at the appendix, giving a list of the courses of lectures by professors, *Privat-docenten*, and readers of the university of Berlin during one winter, in which the medical faculty's subjects occupy seven pages; and to remind myself that the characteristics of the German universities are "*Lehrfreiheit und lernfreiheit*," "Liberty for the teacher, and liberty for the learner;" also that "the French university has no liberty, and the English universities have no science; the German universities have both." Too much liberty of one kind this student at any rate bore witness to, and in one of his serious moments was eloquent on the danger and mischief of the system, so far as his outlook had gone.

By the time our roads diverged, the young runaway had quite won me over to forget his escapades, by his frank disclosures of all that was passing in his mind, of regret and tenderness, hopefulness and audacity; and I sorrowed for a few moments on the platform as the seal-skin cap disappeared at the window of the Liverpool carriage, from which he waived a cheery adieu.

As I walked towards the carriage to go on my own way, I found myself regretting that I should see his ruddy face no more, and wishing him all success "in that new world which is the old," for which he was bound, with no possession but his hand-bag and self-reliance to make his way with. I might have sat alone for thrice as long with an English youngster, in like case, without knowing a word of his history; but then, such history could never have happened to an Englishman, for he never would have run his bail, but would have gone to prison and served his time as a matter of course.

How much each nation has to learn of the other! But I trust that by this time my young friend has seen to it, that the good-natured Herr Doctor who went bail for him hasn't "slipped up anyway."

VAC-VIATOR.

From The Academy.

# SAMUEL PEPYS AND HIS POOR RELATIONS.

At the meeting of the Manchester Literary Club on Tuesday last, Mr. J. E. Bailey, F.S.A., exhibited some inedited letters of Samuel Pepys which he had deciphered from the tracings of the original short-hand drafts in the Bodleian. The transcripts had been revised by the Rev. Mynors Bright, the editor of the new edition of Pepys' diary. The letters were addressed to Mrs. St. Michel, the diarist's sister-in-law. During the absence of her husband, whose career was one of considerable vicissitude, the charge of providing for her maintenance devolved upon Pepys, whose careful disposition and strict business habits did not lead him to sympathize with the more careless living of the St. Michels. For his brother-in-law he had obtained various posts connected with the navy. To his sister-in-law he writes thus:—

Saterd., Oct. 1, 1681.

SISTER,

Your desiring to know what you are to trust to is the reason of my writing to you again. I have determined to restrict any further rate [*or writ(ing)*], at least until my brother your husband comes, which I hourly expect, and therefore doubt not his being here long before the ten weeks are out. What then you have to trust to from me and Mr. H[ewer] is what I told you in my last, namely, after the rate of 20s. per week and no more, this being as much as I and my wife had for several years to spend; and yet lived so as never to be ashamed of our manner of living, though we had house-rent and tax to pay which you have not; and this in London, too, and yet far from ruin [*or free run, i.e. safe*] upon that score; the truth and assurity [*?*] of which do appear in the daily paid account she kept of every issuing of her family expenses even to a bunch of carrot and a ball of white-ting, which I have under her own hand to show you at this day. Therefore do not expect that any profession of frugality can be of satisfaction to me, but what appears in an account. Not but that I could wish with all my heart that my brother's condition and yours would afford you a larger allowance. But where every farthing of what you and he spend is to be taken up upon credit, as it is without any certainty of prospect when you will be in a condition to repay it, and you (beside all this) a numerous stock of children to provide for, you ought not to think any degree of sparing too much to be exercised; at least, that is my opinion, and that will not let me be guilty of encouraging you into [*or in too*] unnecessary profuseness by lending you beforehand more than what I think sufficient for you, and that I take 20s. a week (as I have said) prudently [*?*]

to be, and more than will be reasonable of you to expect from me also, unless you can bring yourself to receive it with greater appearance of acknowledgment than you yet do; especially after saying that you went into the country only to serve Mr. H[ewer], to whom your whole family owes its having a bit of bread to eat at this time and for several years backward, and whose whole ayme for prevailing with me to send you down to my house was to preserve you as much as he could from being undone by the chargeableness of your living here, and particularly under so great a house rent. Which that you may be the better convinced of, if you do indeed find as little benefit in the charge of living by being where you are, but if all things are as dear, and many dearer than they are at London, you shall be at liberty to return to town and have the same allowance of 20s. a week for your income, here or where else you please, till your husband be here to provide otherwise for you. And this I am quite willing to offer you because I will by no means have you stay an hour longer where you are than you not only take as a kindness from me, but do really find and by your ac-

counts shall convince me that you can live cheaper there than here. Therefore I do with all kindness desire you seriously to think of it as being the utmost you have to trust to, and rather more than less, unless it shall please God to give both my brother and you more thoughtfulness of your and your family's condition than, to my great trouble, I fear you have ever hitherto had. Adieu.

If the workmen come again pray direct them to Mr. Loke, to whom I will write about them this or the next post, in order to his looking over their work and paying them; for I do not love to have any scores of my own, and do depend upon your not letting me hear again of any of yours.

This letter, the most characteristic of those exhibited, shows the systematic manner in which Pepys regulated the affairs of daily life. It may be hoped that some day the account-books showing how a genteel couple lived in London two centuries ago on a pound a week, will yet turn up.

**ALPINE SCENERY.**—Not far from Monte Rosa, and separated from it by the broad sweep of a glacier, rises the Lyskamm, much lower than the great mountain itself; next come twin heights, Castor and Pollux, and then what we must confess is our favourite of this range, the Breithorn. It has not quite the height of those we have mentioned, but it has a grandeur of rocky outline which others want, and which elevates it in the mind's eye far above actual measurement. Its vast precipices sweep in grand semicircular terraces across its summit and round its sides, and clasp between them mountains and valleys of snow which mimic the contortions and follow the curves of the strong arms which hold them in their close embrace. Next the eye rests upon a broad sweep of snow which rises gracefully to a rounded ridge and disappears. This is the Pass of St. Théodule; but soon the eye is drawn away from this high Alpine way to the Matterhorn, which rises a tower of snow-clad rock to a height five hundred feet less than Monte Rosa. But standing thus alone, and rising in one comparatively narrow mass with sides too steep to be smothered in snow, it seems higher and more commanding than all the rest. So Zermatt comes to be connected in the mind of the tourist with the Matterhorn rather than with Monte Rosa,

which latter, indeed, does not show so well from this as from the Italian side. It is long before the eyes can turn away from this the chief range of the Monte Rosa group, but when they do another and only less grand scene presents itself. There stand the two enormous buttresses which run at right angles from the great range, and indeed shut in the valley by which we have reached Zermatt. Now we see what was but partially revealed during the two days we travelled from Visp hither. To the right of our then path rises, among others, that Weisshorn we caught a glimpse of at Randa, while to its left and separating it from the Sass Valley, which joins it at Stalden, rises that glorious cluster of mountains, the Mischabelhörner. And away between these two ranges, beyond our valley and across that greater one of the Rhone we have as yet but partially explored, rises a confused multitude of Alps too far off to be distinguished and localized, but yet near enough to show what the other side of the Rhone valley has in store for us in the Bernese Alps. One, however, stands out so grandly among that distant range as to claim especial notice, and takes its place, as it were, with this its far-off brethren, and so the Nesthorn comes to rank among the sights of the Gorner Grats.

The Month.



